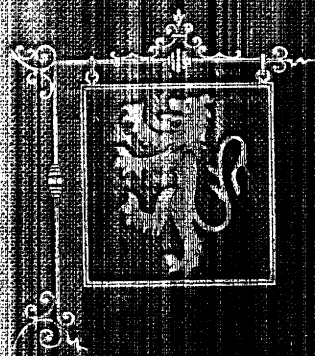


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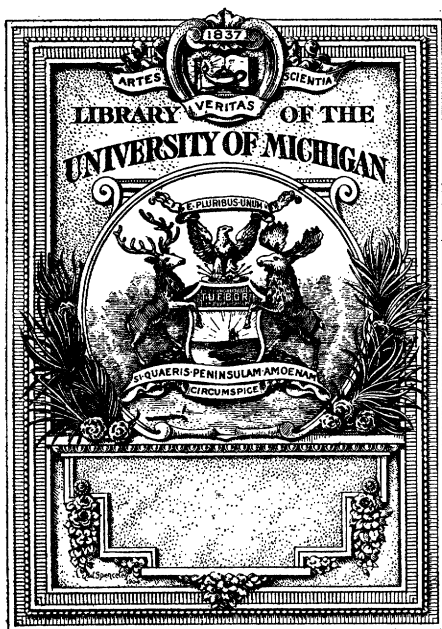
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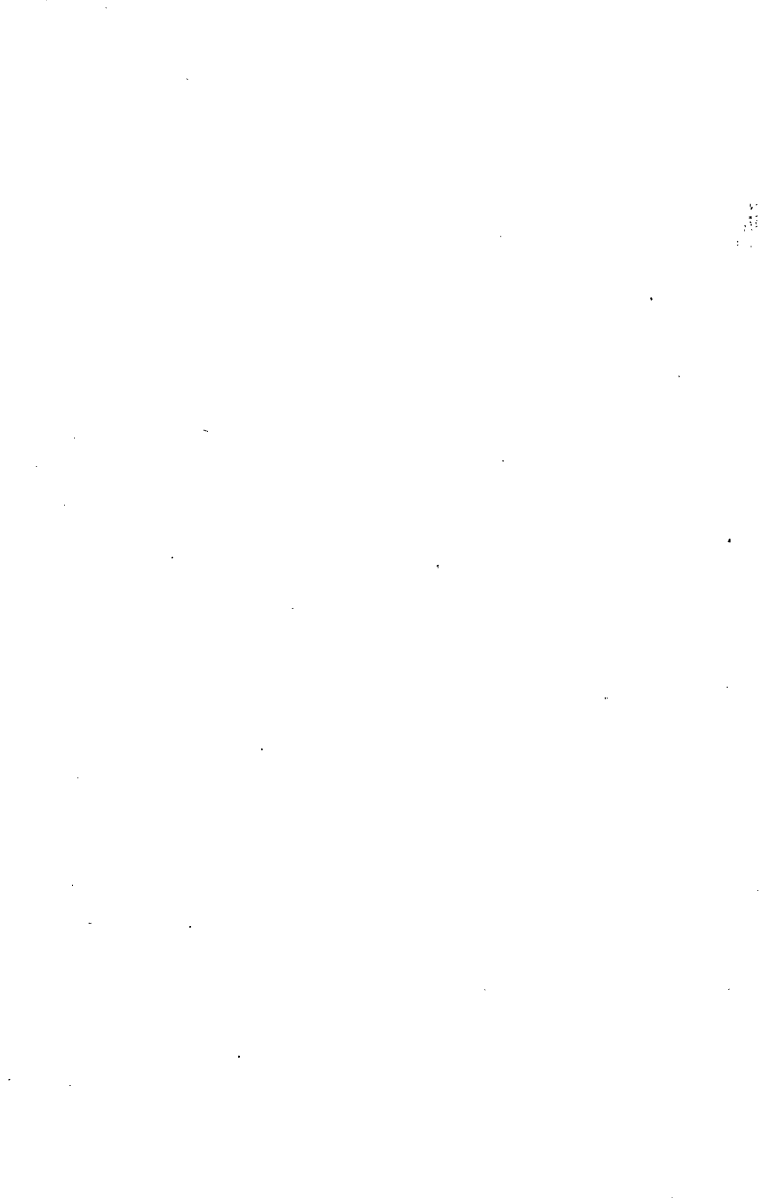
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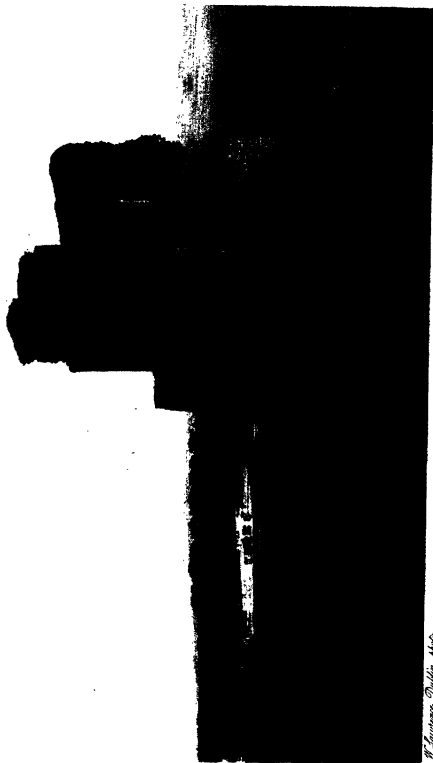
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W. L. Hall, P. S.

*Ruins of Kildobman.
The Spenser's house in Ireland.*

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an ed. of

The Faerie Queene

92849

By EDMUND SPENSER

BOOK V

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL
EDITIONS OF 1590 AND 1596
WITH INTRODUCTION AND
GLOSSARY BY

KATE M. WARREN

WESTMINSTER
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Contents

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
INTRODUCTION	vii
THE FAERIE QUEENE: THE FIFTH BOOKE; CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF JUSTICE	I-200
CANTO I.	5
CANTO II.	16
CANTO III.	35
CANTO IV.	49
CANTO V.	67
CANTO VI.	87
CANTO VII.	101
CANTO VIII.	117
CANTO IX.	135
CANTO X.	152
CANTO XI.	166
CANTO XII.	188
GLOSSARY	203
NOTES	227

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PREFACE

THE text of this volume has been prepared from the quarto edition of 1596, with frequent reference to the folio of 1609 and later editions. In the preparation of the glossary I have to acknowledge, as before, my obligation to many previous workers on the poem; to that friend of the student of language, the *New English Dictionary*; and to various personal friends who have most kindly helped me by research and suggestion. The frontispiece which accompanies the more expensive edition of the book is reproduced from a photograph of Kilcolman, taken by Messrs. Lawrence, of Dublin.

KATE M. WARREN.

INTRODUCTION

THE Fifth Book of the *Faerie Queene*, containing the *Legend of Justice*, is in both form and matter the simplest of all the six Books of the poem. The main narrative is clearly outlined, the digressions are few, and throughout the movement of the story we are never allowed to forget the end in view—the rescue, by the Knight of Justice, of the Lady Irena from Grantorto, her oppressor. The allegorical matter, too, is, on the whole, quite easy to follow. It is chiefly historical, and the historical meaning, in its main outline, stands clearly forth. Much of the narrative in this Book will bear nothing beyond an interpretation by history; it is impossible to find in it any moral or spiritual meaning, as, for example, in the narrative of the trial of Duessa, of Burbon and Fleurdelis, of Belge and Prince Arthur. In the greater part of the poem there is no double allegory, and where any other meaning does appear it is often of the simplest, as in the story of the vanishing of the false Florimell when brought before the true lady of that name.

In its simplicity of form the Fifth Book is a return to the manner of Books I. and II. It is even simpler than these, while the contrast between this *Legend* and the crowded narrative of Books III. and IV. is very great. In its simplicity of allegory, however, it is unlike any of the other Books.

INTRODUCTION

Again, the same mark of simplicity, in some cases almost of bareness, may be found in many of the descriptive passages. There is an absence of colour and ornament, fewer similes are used, and less variety of detail.¹ Compare the account of the arrival of the two Knights at the court of Mercilla with that of the Red Cross Knight and Duessa at the court of Lucifera (Bk. I. c. iv. st. 2, etc.)—a not unfair comparison, because, if we may judge from some of the expressions used in each narrative, Spenser seems to have had in his mind the earlier description as he was writing the later one. The first is richer in detail than the second, yet there was equal opportunity for detail.

Or compare, again, the picture of the Temple of Isis (c. vii.) with the description of the House of Busyrane (Book III. c. xi.) or of the Temple of Venus (Book IV. c. x.). It is remarkable that in this Fifth Book we find really no long episode of pictorial description done with that delight in the mere "word painting" such as we have at least once, and sometimes more than once, in every one of the other Books.

¹ In one case the poet even calls attention to his own restraint in description, and with a sternness most unlike himself when he has his "singing robes" upon him tells us that his poem is a "treatise" on the virtues, not a description of "rare delights":—

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridegroom's state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies and the worth of Knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were work fit for an Herauld, not for me;
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.

This is a charming piece of inconsistency, coming from Spenser, who just before, in the previous Book (IV.), has devoted forty stanzas to the bridal train, and the "brides most rich aray" at the marriage of Florimell and Marinell.

INTRODUCTION

Going further in the comparison of this Book with the others, we find a difference in its general tone, and this begins in the introductory verses to the poem. These are a lamentation over the present state of the world as compared with earlier times. The same thought occurs elsewhere in the poetry of Spenser—it is indeed common enough with lovers of the ideal—but here it is especially emphasised. The “present dayes” are “corrupted sore”; but there was a time

When good was onely for itselfe desyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more ;
When Justice was not for most meed outhyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

But now the world “being once amisse growes daily wourse and wourse.”

In Canto I. we are told that Justice (the goddess Astræa), though she has bequeathed to the world a representative (Artegall), has herself left us, “loathing longer here to space, ’Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found.” And though the Knight of Justice is represented as greater than other knights, and as achieving his quest, yet he goes off the scene pursued by two vile hags and the Blatant Beast, while we foresee for him, not the honour he has well earned, but difficult trouble. Throughout the Book there is a less hopeful air than in the other *Legends*, and after almost every strife in which Justice is the conqueror, we feel that the triumph is but fleeting, and before long Injustice will become bold again.

A careful reader of this poem will also discover another special mark upon it—a kind of studied conscientiousness in the treatment of a certain portion of his subject which we are not accustomed to in Spenser—a conscientiousness which gives us the idea that other motives than the keen pleasure of the artist at times impelled him in his work. There seems almost a business-like air about the plan of the poem. It follows

INTRODUCTION

the stereotyped arrangement which he had originally planned as the frame-work of every book of the *Faerie Queene*. (See the Letter to Raleigh, vol. I. of this series.)

In due order, at the beginning of Canto I., the Faerie Queene commits the succour of the lady in distress to the representative knight of the *Legend*; there is the usual attendant upon this knight; there is the usual appearance of Prince Arthur and his usual action—though Artegall is less in need of him than the other knights, save Britomart, have been. All is done decently and in order in this Book. The poet never once sails away upon any meandering digression which may take him out of sight of the main adventure to be accomplished; the digressions he admits are always, at the least, indirectly concerned with Artegall himself. It will be noticed, however, that where Spenser appears to enjoy his own work the most is in those very parts of the Book the least directly connected with the main quest of the Knight of Justice—in those incidents which, carried on from previous Books, he now concludes, such as the story of Florimell, of Trompart and Braggadocchio, of Britomart.¹

Throughout this Book, too, the quality of the verse maintains an even level. It has few stanzas in it that will compare with the most magnificent of his metrical work in the well-known "show" passages in the other Books; but, on the other hand, there are, even in the least imaginative parts of the poem, very few lines that are defective in melody, and the general level of the verse is very high. It is the work of a great metrist who is making his music carefully, but is not often ravished away into that mood where no other expression but the highest music is possible to him. If we had nothing else left us

¹ He even remembers to mention, for the first time, the grief of King Ryence, the father of Britomart, when his daughter left him without a word of farewell (Book III. c. vi.).

INTRODUCTION

of Spenser's metrical work but the *Legend of Justice*, we should admire and wonder, and enjoy it as the verse of a master ; but having so much more from the same hand with which to compare it, we say, it is very fine, but not the finest of which this poet is capable. And what we say here of the metre is to a certain extent true of the greater part of the work in the whole of the Fifth Book. It is noble work, but not the noblest. Spenser's imagination here was working less frequently at white heat than in the other books, though he still creates for us things of very great interest and beauty. To these we shall presently refer.

We see, then, that the Fifth Book has marks upon it which give it a character distinct from the other Books of the *Faerie Queene*, and it is not difficult to find a reason for this. The *Legend of Justice* was written with a more definite purpose than any of the other *Legends*, and this purpose imposed limitations upon the poet. It fettered his thought, his feeling, and his imagination. It was written to stand not only as a picture of the virtue of Justice in its place among the other virtues of which the *Faerie Queene* had to tell, but chiefly as a defence before the world of the character and conduct of a personal friend and hero of the poet.

And here we must for a moment turn aside from the poem to speak of history.

One of the leading qualities of Spenser's nature was a capacity for strong, faithful and admiring friendship. Gabriel Harvey, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, all shared in this warm-hearted loyalty, and Arthur, Lord Grey de Wilton, was another, for whom the poet conceived such a strong attachment that he became his champion before the world.

The story of Spenser's connection with Lord Grey is well known. This nobleman, going to Ireland as Lord Deputy,

INTRODUCTION

took with him Spenser as his secretary. The poet was then still under thirty, and it was his first introduction to official work of any kind. It was a time when the difficulties in Ireland were at their worst. The whole country was in rebellion.¹ Lord Grey had gone there with the utmost reluctance, for he knew well the hopelessness of doing any good under the double difficulty of the ill condition of the country and the galling limitations imposed upon the Deputy by the English Government at home. In the whole history of England no more thankless and heart-breaking office has existed than that of Lord Deputy of Ireland under Queen Elizabeth. Whatever policy this official might adopt the home Government gave him neither sufficient men, money, nor power to carry it out. Success was made an impossibility. He was confronted with "the great Elizabethan problem of how to make bricks without straw." To succeed would have been a miracle. Lord Grey, however, undertook, after much pressing, to go to Ireland. His policy, as everybody knows, was that of "thorough"—so much so that even the English Government, not usually pitiful to Ireland, began to remonstrate. Yet he stayed two years, following out relentlessly, as far as he had the means, this same policy. But had he followed his own will, he would scarcely have stayed one year, for long before he returned to England he was writing letters to the Government at home begging to be recalled. At last, in the summer of 1582, the order of release reached him, and he came back to be received, as Artegall was after his conquest of Grantorto, by Envy, Detraction, and the Blatant Beast of Calumny. He had not, however, conquered, as Artegall had, though he had made the way easier for future rulers to subdue

¹ See for an excellent account of Ireland in Spenser's time Dean Church's *Spenser*. Also Bagwell's *Ireland Under the Tudors* and Richey's *History of the Irish People*.

INTRODUCTION

rebellion ; apparently he had accomplished little more wholesale human slaughter. Yet he gained the faith and admiration of his secretary, who had been in close association with him during his two years of rule. *Spenser had watched his policy carefully,¹ and had shrunk from some of its cruelties ; but yet, seeing all the difficulties of the situation, and sharing in all the political and religious prejudice of the Elizabethan age, he undoubtedly agreed with it, and gave the greater honour to Lord Grey for the fulfilment of what he looked upon as a dreadful duty.

This is not the place to discuss the Elizabethan treatment of Ireland. Time and humanity have alike condemned its short-sighted cruelty and injustice. Spenser himself lost home and life through it. The prejudices of the age, the carelessness of the English for human life and suffering in the 16th century, and the equal cruelty of the Irish towards the English may form a certain excuse for some of the harshness of our Irish policy ; but when all is said, we yet feel that England, in her treatment of Ireland, was deliberately shutting her ears to that voice of humanity within herself, which condemned her shameless and wholesale slaughter. Lord Burleigh's opinion concerning the Irish policy of England under Elizabeth, written to Sir Nicholas Arnold in 1565,² probably expresses the uneasiness of conscience which Englishmen of that time felt but would not allow to influence their action. "You are of that opinion which many wise men are of—from which I do not dissent, being an Englishman ; *but being as I am a Christian man, I am not without some perplexity to enjoy of such cruelties.*" And, as to Spenser, whatever he may say in his *Present State of Ireland*, he shows plainly, in the *Legend of Justice*, signs of disapproval when Talus, the attendant on

¹ See the poet's *Present State of Ireland*.

² Quoted by Froude (*Hist. of Eng.* vol. viii. p. 56) from *Irish MSS.*

INTRODUCTION

Artegall, slaughters without mercy or discrimination. In the case of Lord Grey, however, we have to remember that even more than with other men religious zeal was an impelling motive in his policy of "thorough"; and no other motive can lead astray so easily the conscience and the feelings. It is quite possible, then, for us to believe that Lord Grey was, in private life, what Spenser says, "most gentle, affable, loving, and temperate; always known to be a most just, sincere, godly and right noble man, far from sternness, far from unrighteousness," and therefore truly worthy of the reverence and affection of the poet who loved Sir Philip Sidney. And Spenser, having given him his whole-hearted allegiance, gave it to the end. It mattered nothing to him when the late Lord Deputy became unpopular at court; Grey was his friend, and our poet was one of those rare people who believe that a man should be the keeper of his friend's good name. He eagerly defended him before the world in this *Legend of Justice*.¹ Lord Grey died in 1593. The Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Books of the *Faerie Queene* were not published until 1596; but it is quite possible that a large part of them was written before 1593, the year of Grey's death.² In this fact, that the *Legend of Justice* is an apology and vindication for Lord Grey's rule in Ireland, we find the chief explanation of the character of the poem as we have described it above. And to follow out this explanation is our next point.

The Book calls itself the *Legend of Justice*, but it is not the presentation of the universal principle of Justice, but of Justice (?) as displayed in the British Islands in the 16th century. It

¹ The *Present State of Ireland*, a treatise written by Spenser some years later, takes the same attitude.

² See Sonnet lxiii. The Sonnets were written before Spenser's marriage in June, 1594.

INTRODUCTION

— treats it, too, much more as a political than a private virtue. Artegall, the Knight of Justice, does not often stand for a power of the soul, or a human being fighting for justice in a tangled world of injustice, but most frequently for Lord Grey de Wilton dealing out a more than doubtful sort of justice amidst the bewilderment of Irish difficulties. Here at once; then, begins the poet's limitation; he links the illimitable principle of justice far too closely to a special time, place, and personality. And having thus localized Artegall, he does the same by Prince Arthur, the companion of the Knight of Justice. In all the incidents in which the Briton Prince appears he stands as the scarcely veiled historical figure of Leicester, or of some other representative English leader in war. Having begun by making his Legend an allegory of contemporary history in Ireland, his political mood continued more or less throughout, even when he was not writing with Ireland in his mind.¹ Having therefore so far localized the virtue of Justice, the range of his imagination was at once limited, and the matter upon which he wished it to work was not of the kind which could most move a poet of Spenser's nature. Massacres (often, as at the Surrender of Smerwick, of unoffending people), cruelty, unfaith, were what he had to picture and justify; and whatever his reason may have done, his heart refused to agree with these things. Nor had he the fervid and bigoted religious zeal of Lord Grey to make his soul burn within him against the Irish Catholics. Though he took the side of the "reformed religion," he was not made to be a strong sectarian, for his religion was built up out of a wider view of Christianity than that which belonged to Puritanism.

Nor had his age yet fully seen what Milton's age saw—the

¹ See the analysis of Book V. (p. xxxvii.) for the historical allegory.

INTRODUCTION

unbridled licence of life in society which made those who loved beauty turn with passionate feeling to Puritanism as the only place in which loveliness might be safely worshipped. To Milton "Justice in Ireland" might have been a source of poetic inspiration, and he would have treated it much as Cromwell would have done had that iron man expressed himself in poetry. But there was no real inspiration for Spenser in Irish affairs as he viewed them from the point of English policy, and it is a subtle commentary on that policy that it could not stir him into fervour. If we can imagine for a moment his viewing the whole matter from the side of Ireland herself, would he not have felt more on fire?

Nor was he much more fortunate in the chief quality that his hero attached to Justice under the pressure of Irish affairs. Relentlessness was not the temper which could most appeal to a man like Spenser, who felt so keenly graciousness in character and person. And we may be sure that other qualities drew forth his affection to Lord Grey than those which appeared in that nobleman's Irish policy. Indeed in this *Legend of Justice*, he shows his dissatisfaction with the cruelty of that policy. He makes Artegall (Lord Grey) a striking and noble figure, but all the most unpleasant results and the useless slaughters which follow from his judgments or action are taken in hand by Talus, the Iron Man. This would seem to say that Spenser felt the cruelties involved in Grey's government of Ireland to be incompatible with the ideal of a Knight of Justice. Several times in the poem he makes Artegall forbid the slaughter which Talus is carrying out with such a grim pleasure, though it is plain from history that Lord Grey made no attempt to stop the massacres in Ireland. Talus, as the groom of Artegall, is usually supposed to stand for the executive power which carries out the decrees of justice, and as such he has some rightful place in the

INTRODUCTION

story; but that an Iron Man, incapable of human feeling, should be the sole attendant upon Justice is a woeful limitation to impose upon our conception of the virtue which Aristotle thought the most perfect of all.¹ And this brings me to another point. Spenser having limited himself to a picture of Justice as he saw it during a short period of his own century, and in a few places, had then of necessity to limit his conception of the virtue itself. He treats it very largely in its political, not its private aspect, and his mind, as he writes, is full of its sterner attributes. Where are Mercy, Succour, Pity, and the rest which true Justice in a world like ours must take into companionship?² To Spenser, Justice was not much more than an Avenger. And, for the time at least, he was blind to the fact that it has as much to do with exalting and blessing the good as with the overthrow and punishment of evil. Could he but have imagined Justice in a woman's form, with her train of attendants both awful and gracious, moving through the world, giving forth reward as well as punishment, and where she punished, punishing in a remedial way, what noble and lovely things might not the creator of *Fidelia* and *Speranza* have made for us in his *Legend of Justice*! He does, indeed, once present Justice in the person of a woman, Queen Mercilla, but it is a meagre conception, and is not born of sympathetic imagination. Mercilla, on her canopied throne, with the lion at her feet, is a stately figure, but the description both of the Queen and her attendants (canto ix. 27-35) is given mostly in

¹ It is perhaps scarcely needful to say again that Spenser's virtues do not follow Aristotle's at all closely, either in their order or their character.

² See Giotto's conception of Justice. A lovely female figure, of gracious countenance, dealing out reward from her *right* hand and punishment from the *left*, while at her feet are seen the pleasures of peace.

INTRODUCTION

general terms, and, as we have before noticed, there is in it scarcely any of the rich and symbolic detail which Spenser always used when his imagination was on fire. We do not vividly realize the scene unless we read into it from our knowledge of history what Spenser plainly means,—the court of Elizabeth and the trial of the Queen of Scots, who is most unfairly represented as Duessa. And this very insistence upon the historical meaning of the picture makes it impossible for us to view it as a true presentation of the universal principle of Justice. Spenser himself cannot have felt it so.¹

At times, too, Spenser's imagination turned sullen in her fetters, and refused to work, so that a dulness creeps over the narrative, as when he writes of Sanglier and the headless lady, or of Amidas and Bracidas; or he loses inventiveness, and reproduces old stories afresh; or is driven to a repetition which weakens the force of a narrative, such as the petition of Belge to Prince Arthur to undertake another battle for her, immediately after he has slain her worst enemy.

But criticism of this kind, however necessary it may be if we wish to feel with the poet in all his moods as he wrote the poem, may well be termed ungracious when we turn to the things of interest and loveliness which are given us in this *Legend*. Still more should we feel it so, when we "look before and after" at the whole lengthened beauty of the *Faerie Queene*: the marvel is that Spenser's imagination and poetic vigour slackened so very seldom in the course of a poem which is between thirty and forty thousand lines in length.

We turn, then, to those parts of the Fifth Book where criticism becomes admiration. There is the whole of the

¹ I do not forget, in saying this, those stanzas in which Spenser claims equity and mercy as parts of Justice; but these are quite subordinate statements, and are not developed into any incidents in the story. See, *e.g.*, canto i. 7 and x. 1, 2.

INTRODUCTION

Third Canto, with its joyful opening, and the lingering charm of the old court-poetry at its close. In that canto we find the Marriage Tournament and the dramatic meeting of the two Florimells; the half-humorous picture of the end of Braggadocchio and his man, and the quaint, almost tender, little episode of Guyon and his horse. There is the story of Radigund the Amazon, with its touches of humanity and grace; there is Guile; there is Britomart, a world of delightfulness in herself. There is also, from first to last, a certain interest about the character of Artegall. Students of the poem will be struck by the fact that all these portions of it which are more truly Spenserian in feeling and treatment than any others, are, as far as we know, built up very little, if at all, upon actual history, but upon Spenser's own imagination working upon his personal experience of life, and, in some cases, his memory of the *Orlando Furioso*. But of all the shorter stories in this Book, among these none is perhaps more striking than the meeting of the two Florimells. It is told with great beauty, and it is a piece of the best kind of allegory, where the meaning is as clear as it is deep. Florimell the False and Florimell the True are equally beautiful to look at; the false lady has deceived many into believing her to be the true one, and much confusion, fighting, and distress have followed. Artegall brings the two face to face—a simple test, yet none had attempted it before—

Streightway so soone as both together met,
Th' enchanted Damzelle vanisht into nought;
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th' emptie girdle which about her waist was wrought.

Throughout the *Faerie Queene* there is no piece of ethical teaching more full of insight than this.

The Story of Radigund the Amazon has the double charm

INTRODUCTION

of vivid narrative and true human feeling. Radigund herself was, in the first place, suggested by Ariosto's Amazon, but the manner of presenting her is Spenser's. She is a mixture of the wild Amazon and a more natural womanhood. We see her several times in a fury of rage, and she has a savage glee at the thought of battle, which Britomart, warrior as she is, never shows; war is a delight to her for its own sake. Yet she looks after the sick and wounded carefully when the fight is over, and she can fall in love. She is, too, a great princess, and knows the dignified way of doing things, as when she sends her ambassador to challenge Artegall to battle (c. iv. 49-51). She clothes herself magnificently for the same contest (Spenser devotes eighteen delightful lines to her attire), and she is so beautiful of countenance that Artegall, when about to kill her, beholding her face—"a miracle of Nature's goodly grace"—throws down his sword in anger with himself "that had that visage mard." But his impulsive generosity cost him dear, for she has none of that virtue herself, as the Knight might have known if he had paid attention to her "spightful speeches" in the course of the fight. She takes immediate advantage of his weaponless condition, and, springing on him, easily beats him down. The stanzas which describe the end of this contest are of great vigour, and the shrewish and unrelenting viciousness of the Amazon is skilfully shown. So incisively is this episode sketched that one feels as if the poet had some especially vindictive woman in his mind.¹ Her treatment of him afterwards is characteristic of a selfish and cruel female type. Not content with shaming him by putting him in "woman's weeds," and setting him to spin² (amongst

¹ It is just possible that Queen Elizabeth herself, in some of her many moods, may have partly been Spenser's original for Radigund—though, of course, he gives no open clue to this.

² Compare the story of Omphale and Hercules.

INTRODUCTION

many other knights who were her victims), she breaks his sword¹ before him that he may feel how hopeless it is to think of entering on the battlefield again. She is one of the women who mar the careers of their men by the tyrannous and selfish exercise of personal will. Spenser has realized her so vividly in this that we are not unsympathetic when he breaks out in the next stanza :—

Such is the crueltie of women kynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd,
T' obey the heasts of man's well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand,
To purchase a licentious liberty ;

though we may question whether “ man's hand ” is necessarily “ well ruling.”

But the poet does not allow this impression of womanhood to remain too long with us. He shows the Amazon under the spell of love for her captive :—

She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeysance of loves mighty raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her paine ;

and her confession of this weakness to her handmaiden is feminine enough :—

With that she turn'd her head, as half abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheek with a vermilion rose :
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning, thus began againe ;
This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through heart-murdering paine,
But dread of shame my doubtful lips doth still restraine.

But Artegall refuses her advances, and love, which with

¹ This sword, however, has recovered itself in c. xii. 23.

INTRODUCTION

her is only selfishness, turns to hate. She fiercely bids his gaoler withdraw "some of his diet," and

Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with work may be forwearied :
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull down the courage of his pride ;
And lay upon him for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines . . .
And let whatever he desires, be him denied.

There is a vindictiveness in her words here and elsewhere (see c. iv. 49 ; vii. 32) which recalls the "viperous hiss" of Goneril. But if Spenser makes a woman mar the career of the Knight of Justice, he also makes a woman restore him to honour. Britomart now comes into the story again, and this scene, the last in which we are to meet her, is consistent with the character the poet has given her since she first appeared in the *Legend of Chastity*. He devotes nearly the whole of two cantos (vi. and vii.) to her doings. She is the same — impulsive, warm-hearted, daring, inventive creature that we have known before, though she is perhaps a little more wayward. Her love for Artegall has brought its trouble as well as its delight, and the delay in her lover's promised return to her (Bk. IV. vi. 43) has made her

Cast in her misdoubtful mynde
A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies faine to fynde.

She is so much perturbed that even jealousy for a time takes possession of her, and the scene with Talus is scarcely worthy of a love such as that she gave to Artegall.¹ But her fit of

¹ This passage follows, with some closeness, the verses in Ariosto, where Bradamante, waiting for the return of Rogero, hears of what appears to be his faithlessness. Professor Courthope, in his suggestive essay on "The Genius of Spenser," comments unfavourably on the stanzas of Spenser as compared with Ariosto's passage :

"It might serve in the mouth of a Greek 'messenger' for an abstract

INTRODUCTION

unreasonable suspicion of Artegall's faith does not last long, and, burning with righteous anger at the indignity done to her lover by the Amazon, she rides to the rescue. The events of that journey are told with many vivid though slight touches which make us realize the mood of Britomart—her silent brooding over the matter in hand as they ride; her restlessness all the night; her swift vengeance upon the two traitors who attempt her life upon the bridge, as if in impetuous action she found relief for her pent-up feelings¹; her humility in the Temple of Isis.² And then, when she gets to the Amazon's country, equally vivid is her indignant repudiation of the terms of warfare offered by Radigund.

of the passionate emotion that breaks from Bradamante when she can no longer control herself. The feeble dilution in the last few lines of the Tuscan heroine's significant action speaks for itself."

It is true that Spenser describes Britomart's emotion for her rather than let her speak for herself, but he has already, in a few brief touches, (see St. 7-11) made us feel vividly what she is enduring. As to the "feeble dilution," here are the two passages that readers may judge of that for themselves:—

Britomart goes to her chamber making "mournfull plaint."

Awhile she walkt, and chaft; awhile she threw
Herselfe upon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loud alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighs and singulfs few.

Ariosto's Bradamant also goes to her chamber. "And, without disarming, she stretched herself on her bed, face downwards, at full length, and then, to prevent herself from crying out and so mistrusting her heart, she took the clothes in her mouth, and recalling all that the knight had told her, she fell into such grief that, being unable any longer to bear it, she was constrained to give it utterance," etc. (Courthope's translation.)

Spenser gives his Britomart greater self-control than is shown by Bradamante.

¹ See canto vi. 38-40. Verses full of strength and vivid feeling.

² The whole incident of her sojourn in this Temple is touched with much humanity, e.g. stanzas xii., xvii.-xix.

INTRODUCTION

For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

a refusal which stands out as wisdom against the acceptance of Artegall, who took the terms without a thought of consequence.

After having fought and won a desperate battle against the Amazon, whom she slays, but whose followers she forbids the Iron Man to slaughter recklessly, she becomes once more the woman who thinks only of the honour and exaltation of her lover. It is very characteristic of her that when she enters Sir Artegal's prison and finds him spinning, and in woman's clothes,

At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame
She turned her head aside.

Yet it is also like her to take up the reform of the kingdom of the Amazons. Warrior woman as she is, she is no lover of women who lose their womanhood in affecting the ways of men, and her measures are thorough :—

She there as Princess rained ;
And changing all that forme of commonweale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt ; and them restoring
To men's subjection, did true Justice deale :

a statement for which Spenser need not be condemned by the lovers of the freedom of women, for he has shown throughout the *Faerie Queene* that true women are really the queens and the inspiration of the best men ; between these men and women no question of "subjection" need ever intrude at all. Moreover, he has drawn Britomart as his ideal of womanhood, and the most modern of women can find little fault with that presentation.

The end of the story is simple. Artegall must leave her to

INTRODUCTION

finish his quest ; and though she dreads the pain of losing him, she will not attempt to keep him back ; his good fame is more to her than his presence. But when he has gone, her longing after him is so great that she cannot endure to stay in the place :—

Then hoping that the change of air and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meanwhile her noble Lord, Sir Artegall,
Went on his way.

That is a very old human experience, and it is the last we hear of Britomart.¹

Artegall is the only other person in the Book who has any distinction of character. Prince Arthur enters the story as nothing more than a valiant and courteous knight, and the scene where he comforts the troubled Belge with cheerful speeches is a repetition, in a shorter form and less well done, of his comforting of Una in Book I. But Artegall has a certain individuality. He is made from the first superior in strength of character and prowess to either the Knight of Holiness or of Temperance. He is never foolhardy, as they were inclined to be, but is secure enough in his own courage, as Prince Arthur is, to avoid danger when to encounter it would lead to no special end. Only once is he overcome, and that is through his too great susceptibility to woman's beauty, which is one of the few touches that make him human : his silence, when

¹ Questions that will here occur to every reader are—What is the allegorical meaning of this story? Has it any foundation in history? What is its ethical significance? The Knight of Justice is overthrown because he is touched by the beauty of a woman whom he does not love. The woman he does love—the Champion of Chastity—rescues him. There is no room in this short introduction to do more than state the problem.

INTRODUCTION

Britomart releases him from the bondage of the Amazon, is another.

His upbringing has been of the noblest, and he is more on an equality with Prince Arthur (as perhaps Spenser meant his name to signify) than any other Knight we meet. Arthur does not intervene to succour him as he does some of the other knights, but fights side by side with him as a "peer." It is the goddess Astræa herself who has endowed him with his mighty sword and his "groom." His leading quality, as might be expected, since Spenser was drawing Lord Grey in Ireland, is a stern firm-mindedness. Whatever he enters upon he carries through without turning aside or wavering. His attendant Talus is wholly a subordinate, and never acts the part of mentor to him, as did Una and the Palmer to their respective knights. When he is delayed in the accomplishment of his quest, the delay is not in his own will (see canto xi. 41). Even Britomart cannot detain him, though his attachment to her is steady in its faithfulness. When he has once given his word, even though foolishly, as in the case of his promise to abide by the conditions of Radigund if she overcome him, he holds to it, "falsely true." It would have been greater honour here to break loose from her captivity and continue his quest.¹ He is an "antique Roman," and it is as such that he stands out from among the other knights of the poem. But it is always necessary, when speaking of Spenser's delineation of

¹ This is one of the few places in which Spenser allows himself to be influenced by the sentimentality in questions of love and honour which prevailed in the middle ages and among some of the fine people at the court of Elizabeth. Artegall's position here in the story would furnish the plot of a modern "problem play." He has pledged his word to the Faerie Queene to rescue the distressed and innocent Irena. He has also pledged his word to abide by the Amazon's disposal of him after her victory, and this necessitates his remaining in her prison, and giving up his quest—causing much distress to those who awaited his succour. In neither case could he act with complete honour.

INTRODUCTION

character, to guard against misunderstanding.¹ There are critics of Spenser who see in all his men and women only types of human beings, having no special marks of individual character upon them. There is, of course, some truth in this view, but it does not seem the whole truth. Many of the persons in the *Faerie Queene* are types and nothing more, and it would be absurd to claim for Spenser the high dramatic power of creating character which belongs to Shakspeare. Spenser's mode, also, of presenting his subject matter was not the *dramatic*, but the *romantic* mode, in which incident and sentiment count for more than individual character. Yet it seems possible to discern, in several places in the *Faerie Queene* the delineation of a character as distinct from the delineation of a type, especially in some of the women,—certainly in the case of Britomart. Spenser's men are always less distinctive than his women; but Artegall, Calidore, Malbecco, Timias have about them individual touches. But what there is of character drawing in the *Faerie Queene* is rendered less vivid than it would be on account of the dream-like atmosphere and the lulling verse in which it is presented. It is only perhaps when the scattered sayings and doings of a personage are drawn together and viewed as a whole, somewhat apart from the mazy windings of the verse in which they are involved, that it is possible to realize how far Spenser could draw a life-like character. Within certain limits, then, it seems reasonable to say that Spenser could pourtray characters as well as types.

There are many other things in the poem that might be dwelt upon, but there is only room to notice a few more. There is the vigorous account of the fight in the river between Artegall and the pagan Pollente, (c. ii. st. 13-18),² and the

¹ I quote here from my Introduction to Book III.

² Ariosto describes two encounters, on a narrow bridge, between
xxvii

INTRODUCTION

description of the flight and capture of Guile, is one of the best of Spenser's grotesque pieces of work, which in some places will recall to the student of Spenser parts of the description of Despair, Mammon and Maleger. There is also the story of the Giant, in which the material and the abstract are curiously mixed. What conception does it give us to hear of the clumsy giant—a fairly real personage—weighing in a real pair of scales such immaterial things as “winged words,” “the true and the false,” “the right and so much wrong”—what are the colour, size and shape of these things? Had the poet's imagination been fully at work on this passage, he would have given some more definite form to these abstractions to make the picture real. The somewhat prosy speech of the giant, too, does not rouse in us enough indignation to make us sympathise with the swift punishment visited upon him—a speech which, however, some commentators have seized upon as the text for a sermon against the principles underlying the French Revolution. But the end of the story is vividly done, even though we do not feel the “justice” in the action of Talus when he quietly interrupts the wearisome old giant to shoulder him over the cliff. He was hardly used—and it would have been better to let him go on talking and blundering with his scales. But the simile of the ship here is very spirited, and the vigour and fine adaptability of the verse to argument cannot fail to impress the reader.¹ This story, however, plainly shows that Spenser was not beyond his age in the way he viewed the “democratic movement.” There is here the unsympathetic, aristocratic air which the Elizabethan

two several knights and a pagan, in which the combatants fall into the water; but in each case their contest is stopped, and they swim to land uninjured.

¹ Professor Courthope fitly compares it with the argumentative passage between Despair and the Red Cross Knight in Book I. c. ix.

INTRODUCTION

gentleman too often adopted towards the people, and from which Shakspeare himself was not free. What contempt there is in the line about the giant's influence—He “was admired much of fooles, women and boys”; and in Artegall's attitude towards these followers—“Loth he was his noble hands t'embrew, In the base blood of such a rascall crew.”

The giant, it is true, was a foolish demagogue, but the principles which he ignorantly preached were not so foolish as himself; and Artegall's own answer to them is flimsy enough.

It is impossible in a brief introduction to say the half that there is to say about a poem like this. I have been unable to touch upon many important points which the student of Spenser needs to keep before him when reading any portion of the *Faerie Queene*. For some of these perhaps I may be allowed to refer him to the introductions prefixed to vols. ii., iii. and iv. of this series. But I would especially remind him that he will not find the main interest of the poem in its narrative—scarcely an incident of which but was taken by Spenser from the classics or from English or Italian writers—nor in the allegory, but in the simple humanity, the high idealism, and the exquisite art of the poem.

We have seen, then, something of the peculiar interest of the *Legend of Justice*; but there is still another point about it that no lover of Spenser can overlook, and which, though I have already touched it, needs a little more notice. There is in this Book a revelation of the poet's attempt to work out in a special instance in his own personal life the ideal of true manhood about which he wrote so much. In its defence of Lord Grey, the *Legend of Justice* is another evidence of Spenser's quality of loyal-heartedness, as well as of his scorn of all time-serving. The open defence of his friend was not a politic thing; judged by the world's standard, it was an imprudent and foolish act. Lord Grey, it was well known, was no

INTRODUCTION

favourite with the Queen at any time, and he had failed in Ireland. Spenser knew that his forthcoming Books of the *Faerie Queene* would be read and criticised at Court—for he was not now the “new poet” *Immerito*. Yet he devotes—and makes what he means absolutely clear—the larger portion of this poem to that unpopular nobleman, who was his friend : it was a knightly deed. Further, it has been laid to Spenser’s charge—by Professor Courthope and by Dean Church—that he grossly flattered Queen Elizabeth in the *Faerie Queene*. The witness of this Fifth Book should help to free him from that accusation. We have seen that he chooses for his hero a man disliked by Elizabeth, and boldly commends him to her notice. But more than this. He introduces in canto ix. a direct description of Elizabeth and her Court, making it quite unmistakable to whom he refers. Here was the finest opportunity for flattery. But what do we find? In the description of Elizabeth not a word of praise to which any real exception can be taken (unless the epithet “angel-like” may offend some). As a great Queen and a stately figure in the history of the time, she deserved, even in her old age, all that he says of her here, and the incident of her reluctance and tears at the condemnation of Mary Queen of Scots is said to be historical. In the introductory stanzas he commends her, but chiefly for her justice—“the instrument whereof loe here thy Artegall.” If this was flattery, it was dashed with an audacity which risked something for its speaking.¹

¹ Even in other passages in the *Faerie Queene*, where Elizabeth is more directly praised, there are two points to consider before we call them flattery : first, the Queen *was* a great character and power in the world, and this greatness among the mass of Englishmen was made still greater by popular idealisation ; and next, the exaggerated language used in the 16th century with regard to the Queen was much the same as that used in the love poems of that age, and no one, if he have any historic sense, thinks of taking that language literally. It does not appear that

INTRODUCTION

If, then, on the whole Spenser has lavished less of colour and richness of design upon this Fifth Book than upon the others, he has told in it perhaps more of his own outward personal history, and this gives it a unique place in the *Faerie Queene*. Moreover, he completes in it the stories he has been telling in the previous two Books (III. and IV.) ; it brings to a conclusion, or at least to a satisfactory climax, the history of Britomart and Artegall, of Florimell and Marinell, of Duessa, of Braggadocchio and Trompart. Of all these, Artegall is the only one who passes on into the next Book. By him we are led from the *Legend of Justice* on to the threshold of the new world of the *Legend of Courtesy*. There he leaves us, and we hear of him and his companions no more in the *Faerie Queene*.

the Elizabethans were any more given to flattery than the Victorians of the present century ; the difference would seem to lie in the mode of expression.

INTRODUCTION

ANALYSIS OF BOOK V

Canto I.—Artegall, trained by Astræa to be the champion of justice, sets out at the bidding of the Faerie Queene upon a quest to free the lady Irena and her kingdom from the thralldom of a tyrant, Grantorto. He is accompanied by Talus, an "Yron Man," who carries an iron flail. They come upon a squire sitting in grief beside the headless body of a lady. He tells them that the murder has been done by Sir Sanglier. This knight had wished to change his own lady for the squire's companion, and he carried this out by force, and in a fit of anger cut off his lady's head. He then rode away with the other damsel. At that moment Sir Sanglier appears, has a scuffle with the Iron Man, and is worsted. Questioned by Artegall, he denies the truth of the squire's tale. The Knight of Justice then offers to decide the case if they will abide by his judgment. They agree, and he then suggests that the bodies of the dead lady and the living one be equally divided between the two men; and if either dissent from this judgment, he shall bear about the head of the lady for a twelvemonth. Sanglier is quite agreeable to deliver up the lady to death, but the Squire will not hear of it. Artegall sees thereby that the latter is the true lover, and adjudges to him the lady, while Sir Sanglier is forced to carry away the head.

Canto II.—Artegall and Talus then meet with Dony, Florimell's dwarf, who tells of that lady's coming marriage with Marinell. Artegall promises to attend, but he has first to fight a Saracen, Pollente, who troubles his people, especially concerning toll across a bridge. The way of this villain is to entice men to fight him on the bridge, which is full of pitfalls.

INTRODUCTION

through which his opponents drop into the river beneath, where he, experienced in such catastrophes, easily overcomes them. Artegall meets him, falls into the river, as usual, and after a stiff fight cuts off his head. He then enters the castle, and Talus seizes upon Munera, the tyrant's daughter, cuts off her hands and feet, and throws her into the stream. He razes the castle and rebuilds the bridge, reforming the toll.

They next come upon a witless giant, with a great pair of scales, who wishes to rearrange the elements in their right proportions, which, he says, have become confused. Artegall and the giant argue, and the latter tries various experiments with his scales, all of which are failures. At last Talus pushes him into the river, and disperses the angry people, who had hoped much from the giant's operations.

Canto III.—At the marriage of Florimell and Marinell a tournament takes place, in which Marinell and six other knights "challenge all in right of Florimell." Marinell for two days is the victor, on the third day he is hard-bested, and would have been taken prisoner but for Artegall, who, entering the field with Braggadocchio, borrows for disguise that boaster's shield. He rescues Marinell and returns the shield. When the time comes for the awarding of the prize, Braggadocchio steps forward, and, showing his shield, claims the reward of the victor. Florimell steps forward to thank him for upholding her right, but is rudely told that not for her sake he fought, but for his own lady, who excels all others. Then he brings forth the false Florimell (last heard of in Book IV. c. xii.). The company are amazed; but Sir Artegall sets the real Florimell beside the false, when the "enchanted damzel" vanishes, leaving only her golden girdle, which Sir Artegall presents to its true owner, the real Florimell, whose waist it fits. Sir Guyon, who has been in the crowd, comes forward and claims his horse, which Braggadocchio had stolen (Book

INTRODUCTION

II. c. 3). The braggart and his man are then disgraced and driven out by Talus, and the company make merry.

Canto IV.—Artegall leaves the Castle of the Strand, and with Talus continues his quest. He comes across two quarrelling squires, while two damsels try to make peace between them. They explain the quarrel. They are brothers, whose father, Milesio, bequeathed to each an island as an equal share of his goods. But since his death the islands have changed in size, the sea has washed away the land from one and thrown up soil upon the other. Also, Bracidas, he whose island had diminished, was formerly betrothed to a maiden, Philtera, with a goodly dowry. But when the land grew less, this lady left her lover and turned to Amidas, the other brother, who deserted, for her sake, Lucy, his own lady, whose dowry was a small one. Lucy, in distress, throws herself into the sea; but quickly repenting of her wish to die, saves herself by clinging to a floating chest of treasure, and is thrown up on the island of Bracidas, who rescues her. In gratefulness she gives to him herself and the chest. But Philtera declares that the treasure chest is hers, and had been lost in shipwreck; Amidas confirms this story. Artégall offers to judge between them if they will abide by his decision. His judgment is that what the sea has sent to each, belongs to each—the land to Amidas, the chest to Bracidas.

Artegall next comes across a knight about to be hanged by a band of warlike women. These turn upon Artégall, but he, unwilling to fight with women, sends Talus, who disperses them. The knight, now left behind, is Sir Turpine, who tells his tale. Radigund, queen of the Amazons, having been refused the love of Bellodant, has vowed revenge upon all the knights of Maidenhood; whoever of them she can subdue she places to spin in women's clothes. She gibbets those who rebel, which was to have been Sir Turpine's fate. Artégall

INTRODUCTION

vows to avenge this shame to knighthood. He forces an entrance to the city of the Amazon, fights with her, and Talus attacks her troops. But Radigund and Artegall finally agree to fight again the following day, and whichever wins shall dispose as he will of his opponent.

Canto V.—The fight takes place, and the Amazon wins. She then strips Sir Artegall of his armour, puts upon him women's clothes, and sets him to spin. For a long time he is captive. Meanwhile, Radigund falls in love with him, and tries to woo him through Clarinda, her maid, who, however, herself becomes enamoured of the knight. He refuses to return the love, and Radigund puts him into stricter captivity.

Canto VI.—Britomart, meanwhile, is waiting impatiently the return of Artegall. One day Talus finds her out, and begins to tell her of her lover's fate. She breaks away in jealous anger, and shuts herself up; but afterwards, hearing the whole truth, sets off to fight the Amazon. On the way she is beguiled into the house of Dolon (the father of Guizor, c. ii.) and her life is attempted. She takes revenge and passes on.

Canto VII.—Coming to the temple of Isis, she rests there all night at the feet of the goddess, and has a vision, which the priests (who recognise her) interpret as a prophecy of the great race that is to spring from the union of Artegall and herself. She journeys onward, meets and overthrows Radigund, frees Artegall, and reforms the kingdom and laws of the Amazons. Artegall then leaves her to continue his quest, and she is sorrowful, but will not hinder him.

Canto VIII.—Artegall and Talus come across a damsel fleeing from two knights, while a third knight follows the whole party. The two pursuers are beaten down by Artegall and this third knight, who is discovered to be Prince Arthur. The damsel tells them her story. She is Samient, handmaid

INTRODUCTION

to Queen Mercilla, who has sent her as messenger to Adicia, the wife of a tyrant who would "subvert the crown and dignity of the queen." But Adicia has turned out and insulted the messenger. The two knights vow vengeance, and by a ruse obtain an entrance to the Souldan's palace. Arthur fights the latter, and causes the horses of his chariot to take flight, while their rider is torn to pieces. Adicia rushes to the wild wood and becomes a tiger. Artegall enters the castle and entertains Prince Arthur.

Canto IX.—At the request of Samient they visit Queen Mercilla. On the way they come across Guile, who with the help of Samient and Talus is caught and killed. They come to Mercilla's Court, are well received, and are present at the trial of Duessa, who is condemned to death.

Canto X.—While at this Court, Prince Arthur goes on a quest to free the lady Belge from the thralldom of a tyrant, Gerioneo, who has devoured seventeen of her children and usurped her kingdom. Arthur finds her in tears, comforts her, kills Gerioneo's seneschal, and reinstates her in her chief city.

Canto XI.—He then fights and kills Gerioneo himself, and also a dreadful monster who lives close by in a church. He next goes on to follow his quest for the Faerie Queene.

The story returns to Sir Artegall, who leaves the court of Mercilla. He meets Sir Sergis, an old knight, who tells him that in ten days Grantorto has decreed the death of Irena, unless a champion appear for her. Sir Artegall hurries on. He meets a knight chased by a "rude rout," and a lady who begs for help. He and Talus drive back the rabble and hear the knight's story. He is Burbon, and the lady, Fleurdelis, his betrothed, who has been weaned from his love by Grantorto, who had sent the villains, just dispersed, to fetch her away. When the field is cleared of these, Burbon hastens to

INTRODUCTION

the lady, who receives him with disdain. Artégall rebukes her, and she suffers Burbon to take her hence.

Canto XII.—Sir Artégall takes ship and comes to the island where Irena is held captive by Grantorto. He kills the tyrant, and then turns to reform Irena's kingdom, but is called back to Faerie land before he can do this. On his way there he is assailed by two hags, Detraction and Envy, and by the Blatant Beast. Talus would attack Detraction, but Artégall forbids him, and they pass on.

Some of the persons and events of the historical allegory of this Book are thus identified by commentators :—

Canto I.—Artégall is Lord Grey de Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland from 1580–1582. Sanglier is Shan O'Neal, who in 1567 led a rebellion in Ireland.

Canto II.—Pollente and his doings = Charles IX. of France, and his relationship with the Huguenots ; and Guizor = the Duke of Guise, leader of the French Catholics.

Canto VIII.—Adicia's treatment of Samient stands for the conduct of Philip of Spain to the deputies from the States of Holland. The Souldan = Philip himself, and the fight with him in his chariot is the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Canto IX.—The trial of Duessa before Mercilla is that of the Queen of Scots before the judges of Elizabeth. Paridell stands for the Earl of Westmoreland, Blandamour for the Earl of Northumberland—the two chief leaders in the great Northern insurrection of 1569.

Canto X.—Arthur is Lord Leicester, who headed the expedition to the Netherlands, represented by Belge. The "two Springals" are the deputies of the States of Holland, sent to ask help of Elizabeth in 1585.

The "seventeen goodly sons" are the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands. The monster who devours the sons of

INTRODUCTION

Belge is the Inquisition, established by Philip in the Netherlands in 1566. The "city ruinate" is Antwerp, sacked by the Spaniards in 1576; captured in 1585 by the Prince of Parma after a long siege. The "seneschal of dread might" is the Regent of the Netherlands. Geroneo is Philip of Spain.

Canto XI.—Burbon is Henry IV. of Navarre. Fleurdelis is France. The "rude rout" are the rebellious French stirred up by Philip of Spain in connection with the religious troubles of France.

Canto XII.—Irena is Ireland, and Grantorto Spain (?)

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING

The Legend of Artegall
or of Justice

I

So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas mans age was in his freshest prime,
And, the first blossome of faire vertue bare ;
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed sourse ;
And being once amisse growes daily wourse and wourse.

II

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stonie one ;
And men themselves, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone :
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione :
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degenerated.

THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of civill uses lore,
I do not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted sore ;
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for itselfe desyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more ;
When Justice was not for most meed outhyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

IV

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice ; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all :
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right ;
As all things else in time are chaunged quight :
Ne wonder ; for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so do make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

V

For whoso list into the heavens looke
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much ; that plaine appears :
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa bore.

THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two twinnes of Iove,
That they have crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great Nemæan lions grove.
So now all range, and doe at randon rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe move,
And all his creatures from their course astray,
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

VII

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other Spheres.
For since the terme of fourteene hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.

VIII

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old
Which in Star-read were wont have best insight,
Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth West,
And wested twice where he ought rise aright.
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest;
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound ;
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found :
No warre was knowne, no dreadful trompets sound,
Peace universal rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground :
Justice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred beheasts.

X

Most sacred vertue she or all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might ;
Whose soveraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Justice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight,
To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

XI

Dread Soverayne Goddess, that doest highest sit
In seate of Judgement, in th' Almightyes stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest Nations filles with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read,
As thy great justice praysed over all ;
The instrument whereof loe here thy Artegall.

CANTO I

*Artegall trayn'd in justice lore
Irenæes quest pursuwed,
He doeth avenge on Sanglier,
His Ladies bloud embrewed.*

I

THOUGH vertue then were held in highest price,
In those old times, of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull rancknes did deface.

II

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' East before untam'd did over-ronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne:
There Justice first her princely rule begonne.
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed;
The club of Justice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

And such was he, of whom I have to tell,
The Champion of true Justice, Artegall.
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call ;
That was to succour a distressed Dame
Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did clame,
Did with strong hand withhold : Grantorto was his name.

IV

Wherefore the Lady, which Irena hight,
Did to the Fairy Queene her way addresse,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gracious redresse.
That souveraine Queene, that mightie Emperesse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
Chose Artegall to right her to restore ;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

V

For Artegall in Justice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancie
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Astræa, with great industrie,
Whilest here on earth she lived mortallie.
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of Justice them instructed well.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

VI

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe,
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport :
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speaches milde
To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought
Into a cave from companie exilde,
In which she noursled him, till yeares he raught,
And all the discipline of Justice there him taught.

VII

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along,
According to the line of conscience,
Whenso it needs with rigour to dispence.
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

VIII

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught ;
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admyr'd his overruling might ;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
Whenso he list in wrath lift up his steely brand.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In Joves eternall house, unwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heaven : Chrysaor it was hight :
Sword Chrysaor that all other swords excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day when Jove those Gyants quelled.

X

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue then of fame.
For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave whereso it came ;
Ne any armour could his dint outward ;
But wheresoever it did light, it throughly shard.

XI

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astræa loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race ;
Where she hath now an everlasting place
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we do see
The heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace ;
And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree,
And next herselfe her righteous ballance hanging bee.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XII

But when she parted hence, she left her groome,
An yron man, which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her steadfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe whatever thing he did intend.
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end ;
Who in his hand an yron flae did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth unfould.

XIII

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed.
And now together on their way they bin,
Whenas they saw a Squire in squallid weed,
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

XIV

To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight ;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt who had that Dame so foully dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

Ah woe is me, and well away, (quoth hee)
Bursting forth teares, like springs out of a bankè,
That ever I this dismall day did see :
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke ;
Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I have doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she dranke ;
But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
The which another did who now is fled with shame.

XVI

Who was it then (sayd Artegall), that wrought ?
And why ? doe it declare unto me trew.
A knight, (said he) if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre love, whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, having in companie
This lucklesse Ladie which now here doth headlesse lie.

XVII

He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me ; but I did it denye ;
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne,
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right,
But having from his courser her downe throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set, to beare her out of sight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XVIII

Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die.
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
In that same place whereas it now doth lie.
So he my love away with him hath borne,
And left me here both his and mine owne love to morne.

XIX

Aread, (sayd he) which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?
To hope, (quoth he) him soone to overtake,
That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
And as I marked, bore upon his shield,
By which it's easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloodie field;
Expressing well his nature which the same did wield.

XX

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursew'd so light,
As that it seem'd above the ground he went:
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as Lyon in his Lordly might.
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his shield he tooke.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

He bad him stay and backe with him retire ;
Who full of scorne to be commaunded so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whilest he reformed that uncivill fo ;
And streight at him with all his force did go.
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw ;
But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a sencelesse blocke.

XXII

But ere he could himselfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he seized had ;
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine
He found himself unwist, so ill bestad,
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall :
The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall ;
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend withall.

XXIII

When to the place they came where Artegall
By that same carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereuppon defide :
For neither he did shed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper good.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XXIV

Well did the Squire perceive himselfe too weake
To aunswere his defaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake
Then to approve his right with speare and shield,
And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield.
But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine
That he it was not which that Lady kild,
But that strange Knight, the fairer love to gaine,
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine.

XXV

And sayd, Now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordele, or by blooddy fight,
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side.
But if ye please that I your cause decide
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my judgment to abide.
Thereto they both did franckly condescend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

XXVI

Sith then, (sayd he) ye both the dead deny,
And both the living Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and living equally
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright,
But looke, who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelve moneths day shall in despight
Beare for his penaunce that-same Ladies head ;
To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
And offred streight the Lady to be slaine.
But that same squire to whom she was more dere,
Whenas he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield she rather should with him remaine
Alive, then to himselfe be shared dead ;
And rather then his love should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head.
True love despiseth shame when life is cald in dread, (

XXVIII

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved ;
Not so thou Squire, (he sayd) but thine I deeme
The living Lady, which from thee he reaved :
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, Sir Knight, that love so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne that doth you best beseeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame ;
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame.

XXIX

But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his beheast ;
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breast :
Untill that Talus had his pride represt,
And forced him, maulgre, it up to reare.
Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

xxx

Much did that Squire Sir Artegall adore
For his great Justice, held in high regard ;
And as his Squire him offred evermore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard.
But he thereto would by no meanes consent ;
But leaving him forth on his journey far'd :
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went ;
They two enough t'encounter an whole Regiment.

CANTO II

*Artegall hears of Florimell;
Doth with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies; drownes Lady Munera,
Does race her castle quight.*

I

NOUGHT is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseeme brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes
And place deserved with the Gods on hy.
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceede
Who now to perils great for justice sake proceedes

II

To which as he now was upon the way,
He chaunst to meet a Dwarfe in hasty course :
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he stay perforce,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse ;
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Marinell.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II.]

III

For this was Dony, Florimells owne Dwarf, e,
 Whom having lost (as ye have heard whyleare)
 And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
 The fortune of her life long time did feare.
 But of her health when Artegall did heare,
 And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
 And askt him where and when her bridal cheare
 Should be solemniz'd : for if time he had,
 He would be there, and honor to her spouses all ad.

IV

Within three daies, (quoth he) as I do here,
 It will be at the Castle of the strond ;
 What time if naught me let, I will be there
 To do her service so as I am bond.
 But in my way a little here beyond
 A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
 That keeps a Bridges passage by strong hond,
 And many errant Knights hath there fordonne ;
 That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne.

V

What mister wight, (quoth he) and how far hence
 Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes ?
 He is, said he, a man of great defence ;
 Expert in battell and in deedes of armes ;
 And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
 With which his daughter doth him still support ;
 Having great Lordships got and goodly farmes,
 Through strong oppression of his powre extort ;
 By which he stil them holds, and keeps with strong effort.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

And dayly he his wrongs increaseth more,
For never wight he lets to passe that way,
Over his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay :
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of evill guise,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pils and pils the poore in piteous wize ;
But he himselfe upon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII

His name is hight Pollente, rightly so
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth overgo,
And makes them subject to his mighty wrong ;
And some by sleight he eke doth underfong.
For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long ;
And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall through oversight.

VIII

And underneath the same a river flowes,
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall ;
Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall,
But he himselfe, through practise usuall
Leapes forth into the floud, and there assaies
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equally dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

IX

Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby :
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked threasury ;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy
That many Princes she in wealth exceeds,
And purchast all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes,
Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes.

gifts

X

Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and silver feete beside,
That many Lords have her to wife desired :
But she them all despiseth for great pride.
Now by my life, (sayd he) and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge whereas he doth abide :
Therefore me thither lead. No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

XI

Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile.
Tho as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
That passage money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law,
To whom he aunswerd wroth, Loe there thy hire ;
And with that word him strooke, that streight he did expire.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

Which when the Pagan saw, he wexed wroth,
And streight himselfe unto the fight addrest,
Ne was Sir Artegall behinde : so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the flood : streight leapt the Carle unblest,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall :
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

XIII

There being both together in the flood,
They each at other tyrannously flew ;
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new :
But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew :
And eke the courser, whereuppon he rad,
Could swim like to a fish whiles he his backe bestrad.

XIV

Which oddes whenas Sir Artegall espide,
He saw no way but close with him in hast ;
And to him driving strongly downe the tide
Upon his iron collar griped fast,
That with the straint his wesand nigh he brast,
There they together strove and struggled long,
Either the other from his steede to cast ;
Ne ever Artegall his griple strong
For any thinge wold slacke, but still upon him hong.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XV

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met
In the wide champion of the Ocean plaine,
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine ;
They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the sea disturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with fome above the surges hore,
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

XVI

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
His horses backe, for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftsoones himselfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd ;
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was
And durst the depth of any water sownd,
So ought each Knight, that use of perill has,
In swimming be expert, through waters force to pas.

moral

XVII

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better side :
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.
But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare himselfe upright ;
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

But Artegall pursewd him still so neare
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a little reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on him dight

XIX

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned :
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned ;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is containd,
That none of them the feeble overren,
But alwaies doe their powre within just compasse pen.

XX

That done, unto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend :
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside ;
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXI

Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
And with his iron flae at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet and bounst uppon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shook from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great uprore.

XXII

With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared
Upon the Castle wall; and when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan intreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought;
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she against him wrought
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for ought.

XXIII

But whenas yet she saw him to proceede
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
And causde great sackes with endlesse riches fraught
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the Castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly bought,
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing mov'd, nor tempted therewithall.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile.
Who being entred, nought did then availe
For wight against his powre themselves to reare :
Each one did flie ; their hearts began to faile ;
And hid themselves in corners here and there ;
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide herself for feare.

XXV

Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde her,
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away :
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound winde her,
And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
At length found out whereas she hidden lay
Under an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array
Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
That Artegall himselfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

XXVI

// Yet for no pittie would he change the course
Of Justice, which in Talus hand did lye ;
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissively :
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of silver trye,
Which sought unrighteousnesse, and Justice sold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXVII

Herselfe then tooke he by the slender wast
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the Castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud :
But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples evil gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes powr'd it down the brooke.

XXVIII

And lastly all that Castle quite he raced,
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall undid the evil fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge reformed :
Which done, unto his former journey he retourned.

XXIX

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew ;
By which as they did travell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew ;
Whose great assembly they did much admire ;
For never there the like resort they knew.
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
(What things so many nations met did there desire.)

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand.
With which he boasted in his surquedrie
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys :
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
// And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys :
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

XXXI

He sayd that he would all the earth uptake
And all the sea, divided each from either :
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether :
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe ;
Of all whose weight he would not misse a fether :
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

XXXII

For why, he sayd they all unequall were,
And had encroched upon others share,
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth ; so did the fire the aire ;
So all the rest did others parts empaire.
And so were realmes and nations run awry.
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently ;
And all things would reduce unto equality.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXXIII

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
Like foolish flies about an hony crocke ;
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see and heare,
How he misled the simple peoples traine,
In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or feare.

XXXIV

Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
Instead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
(And far above thy forces pitch to sore)
For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
What was the poyse of every part of yore :
And looke then how much it doth overflow,
Or faile thereof, so much is more then just to trow.

XXXV

For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure, by their Makers might ;
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right :
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide :
Al which the heavens containe, and in their courses guide.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

Such heavenly justice doth among them raine,
That every one doe know their certaine bound ;
In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
And mongst them al no change hath yet beene found.
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine :
All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

XXXVII

Thou foolishe Elfe, (said then the Gyant wroth)
Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth?
The sea itselfe doest thou not plainly see
Encroch uppon the land there under thee ;
And th' earth itselfe how daily its increast,
By all that dying to it turned be ?
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most that some were given to the least ?

XXXVIII

Therefore I will throw downe these mountains hie,
And make them levell with the lowly plaine,
These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants that make men subject to their law,
I will suppress, that they no more may raine ;
And Lordings curbe, that commons over-aw ;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXXIX

Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright,
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waves continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought:
For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
Is with the tyde unto another brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

XL

Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade;
For of the earth they formed were of yore:
However gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it if that when they die
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the most hie.

XLI

They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hills doe not the lowly dales disdain;
The dales doe not the lofty hills envy.
He maketh Kings to sit in soverainty;
He maketh subjects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that he takes away:
For all we have is his: what he list doe, he may.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

Whatever thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand ;
Ne any may his souveraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band.
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand ;
Sith of things subject to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes, nor their courses dew.

XLIII

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winde, that under heaven doth blow ;
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise ;
Or weigh the thought, that from mans mind doth flow
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all ?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

XLIV

Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd
That he of little things made reckoning light,
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce, he could way aright.
Which is, (said he) more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew ?
He answered that he would try it streight :
So he the words into his ballaunce threw
But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XLV

Wroth wext he then, and sayd that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could justly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, sayd Artegall, let it be tride ;
First in one ballance set the true aside.
He did so first ; and then the false he layd
In th' other scale ; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be stayd :
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd.

XLVI

Now take the right likewise, said Artegale,
And counterpeise the same with so much wrong,
So first the right he put into one scale ;
And then the Gyant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong :
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it peise ; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way :
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

XLVII

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances have broken :
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
And said, Be not upon thy balance wroken ;
For they do nought but right or wrong betoken ;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee :
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken
The eare must be the ballance, to decree
And judge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLVIII

But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare ;
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equal share,
And then together doe them both compare.
For truth is one, and right is ever one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone :
But right sate in the midst of the beame alone.

XLIX

But he the right from thence did thrust away ;
For it was not the right which he did seeke :
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eeke.
For of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approaching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

L

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make herselfe misfortunes piteous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled ;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled,
So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

LI

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
(And mutining, to stirre up civill faction,
For certaine losse of so great expectation): *Ireland*
For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation:
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood,
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

LII

Which lawlesse multitude him comming too
In warlike wise, when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo:
For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew *// aristocracy*
In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd lest they with shame would him pursew;
Therefore he Talus to them sent, t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

LIII

But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side:
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay:
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarm of flyes them overthrew:
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his vew.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LIV

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks, foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke,
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To ~~Artegall~~ he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

CANTO III

*The spousals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights :
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the Ladies sights.*

I

AFTER long stormes and tempests over-blowne
The sunne at length his joyous face doth cleare :
So whenas fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare ;
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despeire.
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne.
To tast of joy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

II

Who being freed from Proteus cruell band
By Marinell, was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land ;
Where he her spous'd, and madé his joyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemne feastes and giusts ordain'd therefore.
To which there did resort from every side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store ;
Ne any Knight was absent that brave courage bore.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray.
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me :
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.

IV

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and prooffe of chevalrie
They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did excell.

V

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes :
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowesse prayse ;
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes ;
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might ;
The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes ;
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted Knight :
All sixe well seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

VI

And them against came all that list to giust,
From every coast and countrie under sunne :
None was debard, but all had leave that lust.
The trompets sound ; then all together ronne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,
And many knights unhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell ; yet little lost or wonne :
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To Marinell, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

VII

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame ;
Yet whether side was victor, note be ghest :
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

VIII

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest, and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew ;
And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and rying plates asonder,
That every one his daunger did eschew :
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

But what on earth can always happie stand
The greater prowesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind ;
And now perforce they have him prisoner taken ;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind ;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Unlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

X

It fortun'd whylest they were thus ill beset,
Sir Artegall into the Tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way, with that his snowy Dame :
Where when he understood by common fame,
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
And streight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

XI

So forth he went, and soone them overhent,
Where they were leading Marinell away ;
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array ;
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
The other stayd behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former fiftie bet ;
And from the other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

XII

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe ;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together joyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew.
Whom with sore havocke soone they overthrew,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone :
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

XIII

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore :
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and Judges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adjudged by those.

XIV

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield ;
Who came not forth : but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill :
So unto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise :
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise.
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greete his brave emprise,
And thousand thanks him yeeld, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.

XVI

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make.
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell :
And further did uncomely speaches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

XVII

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele.
Whom when discovered they had throughly eide,
With great amazement they were stupefide ;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell herselfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III]

XVIII

Which whenas Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd ;
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise,
But like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd,
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

XIX

As when two sunnes appeare in th' azure skye,
Mounted in Phœbus charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright.
So stood Sir Marinell, when he had seene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties Queene

XX

All which when Artégall, who all this while
Stood in the preasse close covered, well advewed,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And unto all himselfe there open shewed,
And to the boaster said : Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thyselfe endewed,
And others worth with leasings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in disgrace.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour sav'd to Marinell ;
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didst that service unto Florimell.
For prooffe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure, it stird this day ;
Or shew the wounds, which unto thee befell ;
Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

XXII

But this the sword, which wrought those cruell stounds,
And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,
And these the signs, (so shewed forth his wounds,)
By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all ;
But some fayre Franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
For prooffe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call.

XXIII

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace :
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face ;
As roses did with lillies interlace.
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace.
Whom whenas all the people such did vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III]

XXIV

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall, whether should the honor get.
Streightway so soone as both together met,
Th' enchanted Damzell vanisht into nought :
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th' emptie girdle which about her wast was wrought.

XXV

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre ;
That all men wonder at her colours pride ;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide :
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

XXVI

Which whenas all that present were beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horror queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment ;
That what of it became, none understood :
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despayring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoveable he stood.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left ;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But Florimells owne girdle, from her reft,
While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monster which did her compell
To perills great ; which he unbuckling eft
Presented to the fayrest Florimell ;
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

XXVIII

Full many Ladies often had assayd
About their middles that faire belt to knit ;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd :
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would fit,
Unlesse that she were continent and chast,
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast.

XXIX

Whilest thus they busied were bout Florimell,
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame
And th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword ; for with the same
He meant the thiefe there deadly to have smit :
And had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III]

XXX

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
Throughout the hall, for that same warlike horse:
For Braggadochio would not let him pas;
And Guyon would him algates have perforce,
Or it approve upon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
He nigh them drew to stay th' avengers forse,
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceived.

XXXI

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About that wofull couple which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtyll traine;
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
But he for nought could him thereto constraine.
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose then trie in armes his right.

XXXII

Which Artegall well hearing, though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie,
Yet further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt, what privie tokens he did beare.
If that (said Guyon) may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke :
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke.
Another that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedstall tooke :
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

XXXIV

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore, (so was he hight),
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see :
And whenas he him nam'd, for joy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee.

XXXV

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine areed,
That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd ;
Lo there Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd ;
And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned.
But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That judgement so unjust against him had ordayned.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III]

XXXVI

Much was the knight incenst with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villeny;
And thrice did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby.
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
To you, that are our judge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee:
It's punishment enough that all his shame doe see.

XXXVII

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall,
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Upon him did inflict this punishment.
First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent:
Then from him reft his shield, and it renverst,
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst,
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

XXXVIII

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away;
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie.
Who overtaking him did disaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all brave knights be banisht with defame:
For oft their lewdness blotteth good deserts with blame.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Now when these counterfeits were thus uncased
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to jest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie.
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused, through his subtill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

XL

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their joyous dayes and gladful nights,
And taking usurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such lovely knights :
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That whenas time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

CANTO IV

*Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive,
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprove.*

I

WHOSO upon himselfe will take the skill
True justice unto people to divide,
Had need have mightie hands, for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride.
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers justice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might.
For powre is the right hand of Justice truely hight.

II

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of Justice given was in trust,
That they might execute her judgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence just;
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion, and long times decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we have to say.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Castle of the strond,
To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond :
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and government.

IV

With whom as he did passe by the sea-shore,
He chaunst to come whereas two comely Squires,
Both brethren whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred up with different desires,
Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires :
And them beside two seemely damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to assuage their ires,
Now with faire words ; but words did little good, [mood.
Now with sharpe threats ; but threats the more increast their

V

And there before them stood a Coffer strong,
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt uppon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruell hands ;
But evermore those Damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

VI

But firmly fixt they were, with dint of sword,
And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would justify,
So stood they both in readinesse thereby,
To joyne the combate with cruell intent :
When Artegall arriving happily,
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

VII

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame ;
Then weete ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Ilands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea ; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of small degree ;
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that same other isle, that greater bredth now beares.

VIII

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this devouring Sea, that nought doth spare,
The most part of my land hath washt away,
And throwne it up unto my brothers share :
So his encreased, but mine did empaire,
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
And should have joynd bene to her in wedlocks knot.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

Then did my younger brother Amidas
Love that same other Damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was :
Her vertue was the dowre that did delight.
What better dowre can to a dame be hight ?
But now when Philtra saw my lands decay;
And former livelod fayle, she left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope streightway :
Who taking her from me, his owne love left astray.

X

She seeing then herselfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire which she conceyved,
Into the Sea herselfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her grieve by death bereaved.
But see how much her purpose was deceived.
Whilst thus amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
She chaunst unwares to light upon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

XI

The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
Whenas the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
For any death to chaunge life though most bad :
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
The lucky Pylot of her passage sad.
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary barke at last uppon mine Isle did rest.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XII

Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore,
Did her espy, and through my good endeavour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save her,
She then in recompence of that great favour,
Which I on her bestowd, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gave her,
Together with herselfe in dowry free ;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she,

XIII

Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,
Great threasure sithence we did finde contained ;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought,
But this same other Damzell since hath fained
That to herselfe that threasure appertained ;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way.
But whether it be so or no, I cannot say,

XIV

But whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that whatso good or ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my love, though now it little skill,
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray ;
But I will it defend whilst ever that I may.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

So having sayd, the younger did ensew ;
Full true it is whatso about our land
My brother here declared hath to you :
But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne uppon his strand ;
Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this maides, with whom I fastned hand,
Known by good markes, and perfect good espiall,
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

XVI

When they thus ended had, the Knight began ;
Certes your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man,
Unto yourselfe, said they, we give our word
To bide what judgement ye shall us afford.
Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Under my foote let each lay downe his sword,
And then you shall my sentence understand.
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

XVII

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd ;
Now tell me Amidas, if that ye may,
Your bröthers land the which the sea hath layd
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you withhold this day ?
What other right, (quoth he) should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay ?
Your right is good, (sayd he) and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent, your own should seeme

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XVIII

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd ;
Now Bracidas, let this likewise be showne.
Your brothers threasure, which from him is strayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne ?
What other right, (quoth he) should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it unto me throwne ?
Your right is good, sayd he, and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent, your own should seeme.

XIX

For equall right in equall things doth stand,
For what the mighty Sea hath once possest,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
Or else by wracke that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
So Amidas, the land was yours first hight,
And so the threasure yours is, Bracidas, by right.

XX

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeased :
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the threasure by that judgement ceased.
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
Whenas their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

So as he travelled uppon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away ;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide.
To whom when he approached neare in sight,
(An uncouth sight,) he plainely then descride
To be a troupe of women warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

XXII

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
And ready for the gallow tree prepar'd :
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was uneath was to descry ;
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

XXIII

But they like tyrants, mercilesse the more
Rejoyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts, and termes of vile disgrace.
Now whenas Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did aske, what cause brought that man to decay
They round about him gan to swarm apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares some villanous assay.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XXIV

But he was soon aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceived their intent ;
Yet though himselfe did shame on womankinde
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardyment :
Who with few sowces of his yron flae
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vaine prowesse, turned to their proper bale.

XXV

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit :
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for Knight unfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it ;
And him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his Lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight ;
Whom soone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight.

XXVI

Sir Turpine, haplesse man, what make you here ?
Or have you lost yourselfe and your discretion,
That ever in this wretched case ye were ?
Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subjection ?
Or else what other deadly dismall day
Is falne on you, by heavens hard direction,
That ye were runne so fondly far astray
As for to lead yourselfe unto your owne decay ?

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he himselfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus : Most haplesse well ye may
Me justly terme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of Knighthood this same day.
But who can scape what his owne fate hath wrought ?
The worke of heavens will surpasseth human thought.

XXVIII

Right true : but faulty men use oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this state ?
Then sith ye needs, (quoth he) will know my shame,
And all the ill, which chaunst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

XXIX

Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abroad did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead.
And unto them wrought all the villany,
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XXX

The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could :
But when she saw at last, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to Knights ; which now she doth fulfill

XXXI

For all those Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate.
First she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes : and then with threat
Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring ;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat,
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

XXXII

But if through stout disdaine of manly mind,
Any her proud observaunce will withstand,
Upon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand ;
In which condition I right now did stand.
For being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her band,
I rather chose to die in lives despite,
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a Knight.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

How hight that Amazon, (sayd Artegal?)
And where and how far hence does she abide?
Her name, (quoth he) they Radigund doe call,
A Princesse of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
And sundry battels, which she hath achieved
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it prievd.

XXXIV

Now sure, (said he) and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame that she to Knights doth show.
Therefore Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and know,
How Fórtune will your ruin'd name repaire, [emphaire.
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would

XXXV

With that, like one that hopelesse was repriv'd
From deathes dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters, wherewith he was giv'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimble did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone:
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway:
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name she called Radegone.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XXXVI

Where they arriving, by the watchmen were
Descried streight, who all the citty warned,
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,
And th' other two well likely to have harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran,
And like a sort of Bees in clusters swarmed :
Ere long their Queene herselfe, halfe like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t' array began.

XXXVII

And now the Knights, being arrived neare,
Did beat upon the gates to enter in,
And at the Porter, skorning them so few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin.
Which whenas Radigund there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin :
She bad that streight the gates should be unbard,
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepard.

XXXVIII

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward, entraunce to have made.
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them staid,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Unknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout upon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not abide.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

But Radigund herselfe, when she espide
Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doale amongst her maides divide,
T' avenge that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours knew.

XL

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did leuell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her judgment breake.
As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Upon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands over, and awhile doth pause
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.

XLI

Whom whenas Artegall in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse.
There her assaying fiercely fresh, he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught her :
And had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter.
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply,
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XLII

Like to an Eagle, in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Uppon some fowle, that should her feast prepare ;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
That with his souce, which none endure dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

XLIII

But soone as she her sence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him herselfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and sdeignfull pride half mad
For never had she suffered such despight.
But ere she could joyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far asunder cast :
But mongst the rest the fight did untill evening last.

XLIV

And every while that mighty yron man,
With his strange weapon, never wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and over-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie,
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre,
For dread of their devouring enemy,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

But whenas daies faire shinie beame, yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on hight,
Causd all her people to surcease from fight,
And gathering them unto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be conveyed in, ere she would once retrate.

XLVI

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city-gate, in open sight ;
Where he himselfe did rest in safety,
Together with Sir Terpin all that night :
But Talus usde in times of jeopardy,
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

XLVII

But Radigund full of heart-gnawing grieve
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe ;
But tossed in her troublous minde, what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There she resolv'd herselfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather than see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day a disadventerous sight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XLVIII

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd ;
Goe damzell quickly, doe thyselfe addresse
To doe the message which I shall expresse.
Goe thou unto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yesterday drove us to such distresse,
Tell, that to-morrow I with him will fight,
And try in equall field whether hath greater might.

XLIX

But these conditions doe to him propound,
That if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
My law, and ever to my lore be bound,
And so will I, if me he vanquish may ;
Whatever he shall like to doe or say :
Go streight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and juncates fit,
And bid him eate, henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.

L

The Damzell streight obayd, and putting all
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went,
Where sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent,
Unto the wall his way did fearlesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment :
Where that same Damzell lowdly him bespake,
And shew'd that with his Lord she would emparlaunce make.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LI

So he them streight conducted to his Lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word;
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'sies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete.
But Artegall himselfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

CANTO V

*Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdued by guile:
He is by her emprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.*

I

So soone as day forth dawning from the East
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast,
Commaunded them their daily workes renew,
These noble warriors, mindefull to pursew
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Themselves thereto preparte in order dew;
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,
And th' Amazon, as best it likt herselfe to dight.

II

All in a Camis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought;
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham, but when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on every side,
And mailles betweene, and laced close afore :
Uppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride ;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

IV

So forth she came out of the citty-gate,
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
Uppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence,
Their sound did reach unto the heavens hight.
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

V

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the Lists did enter :
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,
And countenaunce fierce, as having fully bent her
That battels utmost triall to aduenter.
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing on the middle center ;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how fortune would resolve that dangerous dout.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

VI

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began ;
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have rended :
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw himselfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide ;
She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on every side.

VII

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new ;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrew,
Which fayling he gan fiercely her pursew.
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

VIII

So did Sir Artégall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene.
But with her shield so well herselfe she warded
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded :
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side itselfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
Much was she moved with the mightie sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
And like a greedie Beare unto her pray
With her sharpe cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh the purple bloud forth drew.

X

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbrayd that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, fitting with her well ;
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissaunce fearefull fell :
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about the plaine.

XI

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In sencelesse swoone, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke.
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sunshynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XII

But whenas he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace,
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which in the rudenesse of that evill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night,
Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkned be her light.

XIII

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this, upstarting from her swoune, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.

XIV

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelless
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increast her outrage mercillesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have stayd.

CANTO v] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

Like as a Puttocke having spyde in sight
A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill ;
The foolish Kyte, let with licentious will,
Both beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still :
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraine.

XVI

Nought could he do, but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre,
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre ;
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield :
Yet noulte she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

XVII

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord ;
Yet was he justly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,
To be her thrall and service her afford.
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned.
No fayrer conquest, then that with goodwill is gayned.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XVIII

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
In signe of true subjection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke.
But Terpine borne to a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre.
She causd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crooke t' abide the balefull stowre,
From which he lately had through reskew fled :
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

XIX

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so sondred ;
Whose presence all their troupes so much encombred,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred :
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it just t' obay.

XX

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame :
Instead whereof she made him to be sight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap a napron white,
Instead of Curiets and bases fit for fight.

CANTO v] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

So being clad, she brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was sield
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her subdued in victorious fray :
Amongst the which she caused his warlike armes,
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray ;
And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre up battailous alarmes.

XXII

There entred in, he round about him saw
Many brave knights, whose names right well he knew,
There bound t' obey that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd so uncomely vew.
But they were forst, through penurie and pyne,
To doe those workes to them appointed dew :
For nought was given them to sup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen twyne.

XXIII

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow ;
A sordid office for a mind so brave.
So hard it is to be a womans slave.
Yet he it tooke in his owne selves despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behave,
Her to obey, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXIV

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold,
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed ;
His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he onely joyed
In combats, of sweet love, and with his mistresse toyed.

XXV

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd,
T' obey the heasts of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand,
To purchase a licentious libertie :
But vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie.

XXVI

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving proud Radigund with true subjection ;
However it his noble heart did gall
T' obey a womans tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election :
But having chosen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captive straunge.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight ;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night :
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord,
To serve the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her servant make her soverayne Lord :
So great her pride that she such basenesse much abhord.

XXVIII

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborne handling of her love-sicke hart ;
And still the more she strove it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
At last when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeysance of loves mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her paine.

XXIX

Unto herselfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
And to her said : Clarinda, whom of all
I trust alive, sith I thee fostred first ;
Now is the time that I untimely must
Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need :
It is so hapned that the heavens unjust,
Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXX

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermillion rose :
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning, thus began againe ;
This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through hart-murduring paine,
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraîne.

XXXI

Ah, my deare dread (said then the faithfull Mayd)
Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even deathes most dreadfull face behold ?
Say on my soverayne Ladie, and be bold :
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie ?
Therewith much comforted, she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie,
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie.

XXXII

Clarín (sayd she) thou seest yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subjected hath to my unequall might ;
What right is it, that he should thralldome find
For lending life to me a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill ?
Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill ;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

Bound unto me, but not with such hard bands,
Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands ;
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Voide of malitious mind, or foule offence :
To which if thou canst win him any way,
Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull service me right well apay.

XXXIV

Which that thou mayst the better bring to pas,
Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee,
And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
Goe now, Clarinda, well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee ;
Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst even Jove himselfe to love entise.

XXXV

The trustie Mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endeavour,
Give her great comfort, and some harts content.
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
By all the meanes she might, to curry favour
With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloved :
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the markewhite of his hart she roved,
And with wideglauncing words one day she thus him proved.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXXVI

Unhappie knight, upon whose hopelesse state
Fortune envying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heavens have heapt an heavy fate ;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorow, sith thy juster merit
Might else have with felicitie bene crowned :
Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit,
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinherit.

XXXVII

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive ;
And gan to doubt, least she him sought t'appreach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life bereave.
Both which to barre, he with this answere met her ;
Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceave)
Of my mishaps, art mov'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard, I can but rest your detter.

XXXVIII

Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse beseeming well to beare
The storme of fortunes frowne or heavens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to joy and carrie comely cheare.
For though this cloud hath now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeyre ;
And, though unlike they should for ever last,
Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

But what so stonie minde, (she then replyde)
But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?
Unworthy sure (quoth he) of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursew, if he attaine it may.
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope.

XL

Then why doest not, thou ill-advizd man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie, can
Move Radigund? who though she still have worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tygres, nor so salvage mynded
As that, albe all love of men she scorne,
She yet forgets that she of men was kynded: [blynded.
And sooth oft seene, that proudest harts base love hath

XLI

Certes Clarinda, not of cancred will,
(Sayd he) nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
I have forbore this duetie to fulfill;
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
That shee a Queene, and come of Princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XLII

But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
From seeking favour where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to yourselfe should rest for ever bound,
And ready to deserve what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but unsound,
And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leisure to awayt.

XLIII

But foolish Mayd, whyles heedlesse of the hooke,
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through slipperie footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion.
For seeking thus to salve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceived close in her beguiled hart,
To Artegall, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

XLIV

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her mistresse shold have knowledge gayned,
But to herselfe it secretly retayned,
Within the closet of her covert brest:
The more thereby her tender hart was payned.
Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

One day her Ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loves successe, her lingring smart.
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood ;
But quickly she it overpast, so soone
As she her face had wypt, to fresh her blood ;
Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne,
And all the wayes she sought his love for to have wonne.

XLVI

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine ;
Ne would be taught with any termes, to lerne
So fond a lesson as to love againe.
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
Then his foes love or liking entertaine :
His resolution was both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast.

XLVII

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
She gan to storne, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceived,
To be so scorned of a baseborne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall ;
Of which she vow'd, with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forstall.
Nathlesse, when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XLVIII

What now is left, Clarinda? what remains,
That we may compasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gracious mercie by this wize,
I will awhile with his first folly beare,
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more neare.

XLIX

Say, and do all, that may thereto prevaile;
Leave nought unpromist that may him perswade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
With which the Gods themselves are mylder made:
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not invade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavy arme: [harme.
Who will not stoupe with good shall be made stoupe with

L

Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed.
Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay upon him for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
And let, whatever he desires, be him denide.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LI

When thou hast all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane : thenceforth not like a lover,
But like a rebell stout I will him use.
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
'Till I the conquest of my will recover.
So she departed, full of grieve and sdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her.
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

LII

There all her subtill nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display ;
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and herselfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray :
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

LIII

As a bad Nurse, which fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to herselfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld :
Even so Clarinda her owne Dame beguylde,
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boylde
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

LIV

For comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Unto her Queene, his freedome to have gayned ;
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade ;
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade.
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore :
So praying him t'accept her service evermore,

LV

And more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie,
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good meanes he might deserve such grace,

LVI

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew :
Ne ever did deceitfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind ;
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore unto her mistresse most unkind
She daily told her love he did defye,
And him she told, her Dame his freedome did denye.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LVII

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow :
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended,
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but litle frended ;
Until his owne true love his freedome gayned,
Which in another Canto will be best containd.

CANTO VI

*Talus brings newes to Britomart,
Of Artegals mishap:
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.*

I

SOME men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill.
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still:
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

II

Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state,
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved,
Whose character in th' Adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmly was engraved,
That no new loves impression ever could
Bereave it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarse so conceived in her jealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In womans bondage, Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought.
For after that the utmost date assynde
For his returne, she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies faine to fynde.

IV

Sometime she feared least some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had unwares opprest:
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with jealous feare,
Least some new love had him from her possest;
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbear.

V

One while she blam'd herselfe; another whyle
She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew:
And then, her grieve with error to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew:
For houres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,
She told but moneths to make them seeme more few:
Yet when she reckned them still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every moneth a yeare.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

VI

But whenas yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out ;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease herselfe of dout.
Now she deviz'd, amongst the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight ;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight :
And then both Knights envide, and Ladies eke did spight.

VII

One day, whenas she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened West,
Towards which coast her love his way address :
There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
Many vain fancies, working her unrest ;
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
To beare unto her love the message of her mind.

VIII

There as she looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede :
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her love indeede.
Who when he nigh approacht, shee mote arede
That it was Talus, Artegall his groome :
Whereat her hart was fild with hope and drede ;
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth, to know his tidings somme.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

Even in the dore him meeting, she begun ;
And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence ?
Declare at once ; and hath he lost or wun ?
The yron man, albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then himselfe it spake.

X

Till she againe thus sayd ; Talus be bold,
And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length : The tidings sad,
That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad.
My Lord, your love, by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.
Ay me, (quoth she) what wicked destinie ?
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy ?

XI

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe ;
But by a Tyrannesse, (he then replide)
That him captived hath in haplesse woe.
Cease thou bad newes-man ; badly doest thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide.
The rest myselfe too readily can spell.
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XII

There she began to make her moanefull plaint
Against her knight, for being so untrew ;
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame herselfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never knew ;
And evermore she did him sharply twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

XIII

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,
How to revenge that blot of honour blent ;
To fight with him, and goodly die her last :
And then againe she did herselfe torment,
Inflicting on herselfe his punishment.
Awhile she walkt, and chauft ; awhile she threw
Herselfe uppon her bed, and did lament :
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and singulfs few.

XIV

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe ;
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight ;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing ;
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light ;
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing :
Such was this Ladies fit, in her loves fond accusing.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Herself there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine;
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

XVI

Ah wellaway, (said then the yron man)
That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undoo
Sayd I not then (quoth she) erewhile aright,
That this is things compacte betwixt you too
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight?

XVII

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late.
All which when she with hard enduraunce had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad
With sodaine stounds of wrath and grieve attone;
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made,
But streight herselfe did dight, and armor don;
And mounting to her steede, bad Talus guide her on.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XVIII

So forth she rode uppon her ready way,
To seeke her knight, as Talus her did guide :
Sadly she rode, and never word did say,
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
But still right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent.

XIX

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of grieve and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete toward th' eventide
A Knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
As if himselfe to solace he were faine.
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needlesse trouble to constraîne.
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no evill ment.

XX

He comming neare, gan gently her salute,
With curteous words, in the most comely wize ;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would herselfe displease, so him requite.
Then gan the other further to devise
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which she answer'd light.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee ;
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gave none other place. Which when as hee
By outward signes, (as well he might) did see,
He list no lenger to use lothfull speech,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampe had dimd the heavens reach,
To lodge with him that night, unless good cause empeach.

XXII

The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good request :
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him adress ;
Where soone arriving they received were
In seemely wise, as them beseemed best :
For he their host them goodly well did cheare,
And talk't of pleasant things, the night away to weare.

XXIII

Thus passing th' evening well till time of rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought ;
Where groomes awayted her to have undrest.
But she ne would undressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought.
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong uppon a mortall foe ;
Which she would sure performe, betide her wele or wo.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XXIV

Which when their Host perceiv'd, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment :
Yet taking leave of her, he did depart.
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieved,
Not suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved,
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprieved.

XXV

Ye guilty eyes, (sayd she) the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your losse : and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah wake, and rather weepe, [keepe.
To thinke of your nights wants, that should yee waking

XXVI

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease ;
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease ;
Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

What time the native Belman of the night,
The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver Bell t' each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall.
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd againe, that no man could it spie.

XXVIII

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment :
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men, comming with close intent
Towards her chamber ; at which dreadfull stound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her bound.

XXIX

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight ;
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
They seeing that, let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XXX

But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights, and eke unarmed rout :
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Wherever in the darke he could them spie ;
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay.
Then backe returning where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

XXXI

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning,
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd ; but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her, that never evill ment in hart.

XXXII

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight,
A man of subtile wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life : for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble Knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes:
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was Guizor, whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had devis'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred hate.

XXXIV

For sure he weend, that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine.
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from their traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

XXXV

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t' avenge that villany,
On that vilde man, and all his family.
And comming down to seeke them, where they wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare; but whether, neither kond.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XXXVI

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her steede, and thereon mounting light,
- Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight,
Those two false brethren, on that perillous Bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needs fall over the lidge.

XXXVII

There they did thinke themselves on her to wreake :
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake ;
Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
Of Guizor by thee slaine, and muredred by thy slight.

XXXVIII

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare ;
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous Bridge she came, and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared.
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a silver Censer sparkle bright.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

She stayd not to advise which way to take ;
But putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make,
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Upon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the Bridges further end she past,
Where falling downe, his challenge he releast ;
The other over side the Bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last, .

XL

As when the flashing Levin haps to light
Upon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight ;
The Engin fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare ;
The other it with force doth overthrow,
Upon one side, and from his rootes doth reare.
So did the Championesse those two there strow,
And to their sire their carcasses left to bestow.



CANTO VII

*Britomart comes to Isis church
Where shee strange visions sees ;
She fights with Radigund, her slaies
And Artegall thence frees.*

I

NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or divine,
That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define ;
For th' hevens themselves, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Jove, who doth true justice deale
To his inferiour Gods, and evermore
Therewith containes his heavenly Common-weale :
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reveale.

II

Well therefore did the antique world invent
That Justice was a God of souveraine grace,
And altars unto him, and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place ;
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian Kings that whylome were ;
With fayned colours shading a true case :
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The justest man alive, and truest did appeare.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

His wife was Isis ; whom they likewise made
A Goddess of great powre and sovereignty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of justice, which is Equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently.
Unto whose temple whenas Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart :
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

IV

There she received was in goodly wize
Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Upon the rites and daily sacrificize,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd ;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that Isis doth the Moone portend ;
Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne.
For that they both like race in equall justice runne.

V

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led ;
Whose goodly building when she did behould,
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workeman's passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red ;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

VI

Thenceforth unto the Idoll they her brought ;
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine :
Uppon her head she wore a Crowne of gold,
To shew that she had powre in things divine :
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

VII

One foote was set uppon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand ;
So meaning to suppress both forged guile
And open force : and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white sclender wand.
Such was the Goddessse : whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herselfe uppon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto herselfe her silent prayers did impart.

VIII

To which the Idoll as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining :
Who well perceiving, how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And joyous light the house of Jove forsooke :
Which when she saw, her helmet she unlaste
And by the altars side herselfe to slumber plaste.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

For other beds the Priests there used none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides uppon the cold hard stone,
T' enure themselves to sufferance thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify :
For by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastity,
And continence of life ; that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine, for wine they say is blood,
Even the bloud of Gyants, which were slaine
By thundring Jove in the Phlegrean Plaine :
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,
With inward grieve and malice did against them swell.

XI

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine, whose liquor bloudy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre against the Gods againe :
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood containe.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XII

There did the warlike Maide herselfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night,
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and wearie plight.
Where whilst her earthly parts with soft delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close imple
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

XIII

Her seem'd as she was doing sacrifice
To Isis, deckt with Mitre on her hed,
And linnen stole after those Priestes guise,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold,
That even she herselfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and joyed to behold
Herselfe adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.

XIV

And in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below,
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Upon the ground ; which kindled privily,
Into outrageous flames unwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and herselfe in great perplexity.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the Idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre ;
And gaping greedy wide, did streight deuoure
Both flames and tempest ; with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat ;
But that the Goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

XVI

Tho turning all his pride to humblesse meeke,
Himselfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke :
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew.
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncouth sight.

XVII

So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie.
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas ;
Whereas the Priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow Mas :
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII]

XVIII

But by the change of her unchearefull looke,
They might perceive she was not well in plight ;
Or that some pensiveness to heart she tooke.
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake ; Sir Knight, it seems to me
That thorough evill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd, or much dismayd ye be,
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see.

XIX

Certes (sayd she) sith ye so well have spide
The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,
But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
Your aide, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on (quoth he) the secret of your hart :
For by the holy vow, which me doth bind,
I am adjur'd best counsell to impart
To all that shall require my comfort in their smart.

XX

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared,
Through great astonishment of that strange sight
And with long locks up-standing, stifly stared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright.
So fild with heavenly fury, thus he her behight.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

Magnificke Virgin, that in queint disguise
Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprize,
How couldst thou weene, through that disguised hood,
To hide thy state from being understood?
Can from th' immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy lineage, and thy Lordly brood;
They doe thy sire, lamenting sore for thee;
They doe thy love, forlorne in womens thraldome see.

XXII

The end whereof, and all the long event,
They doe to thee in this same dreame discover.
For that same Crocodile doth represent
The righteous Knight that is thy faithfull lover,
Like to Osyris in all just endever.
For that same Crocodile Osyris is,
That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever;
To shew that clemence oft, in things amis,
Restraines those sterne behests, and cruell doomes of his.

XXIII

That Knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage,
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
To hinder thee from the just heritage
Of thy sires Crowne, and from thy countrey deare:
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
And joyne in equall portion of thy realme:
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
So blesse thee God, and give thee joyance of thy dreame.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XXIV

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those priests bestowed rich reward :
And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their Goddesses brought.
Then taking leave of them, she forward went,
To seeke her love, where he was to be sought ;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

XXV

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with joyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see.
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them forth to hold.

XXVI

So there without the gate (as seemed best)
She caused her Pavillion be pight ;
In which stout Britomart herselfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise they of the towne in fright
Upon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest :
Who long before awoke (for she full ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a jealous guest,)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest
Did forth issue, all ready for the fight :
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

XXVIII

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tie her fone,
To serve her so, as she the rest had bound.
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
For high disdain of such indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them sound.
For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

XXIX

The Trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot ;
Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke use in armes ; ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender, without staine or spot,
For other uses then they them translated ;
Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use they hated.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XXX

As when a Tygre and a Lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse :
But first the Tygre clawes thereon did lay ;
And therefore loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond :
To which the Lion strongly doth gainesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond ;
And therefore ought it have, wherever she it fond.

XXXI

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore ;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with bloud which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should grow.

XXXII

At last proud Radigund with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said ; This token beare
Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare ;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest.
Which spitefull words she sore engriev'd to heare,
Thus answer'd ; Lewdly thou my love depravest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely bravest.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder-plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarce uphold; yet soone she it requit.
For having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

XXXIV

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to herselfe againe,
But in revenge both of her loves distresse,
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadful sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft,
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

XXXV

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win;
And pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
For all that ever came within his reach,
He with his yron flae did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach:
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII]

XXXVI

And now by this the noble Conqueresse
Herselfe came in, her glory to partake ;
Where though revengefull vow she did professe,
Yet when she saw the heapes which he did make,
Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake :
For else he sure had left not one alive,
But all in his revenge of spirite would deprive.

XXXVII

Tho when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd :
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire :
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight,
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge, for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske, in misery misdight.

XXXVIII

At last whenas to her owne Love she came,
Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame,
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so bad :
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Jealous suspect as true untruely drad,
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes sore.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Not so great wonder and astonishment,
Did the most chaste Penelope possesse,
To see her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his favours likeliness,
For many scarres and many hoary heares,
But stood long staring on him, mongst uncertaine feares.

XL

Ah my deare Lord, what sight is this (quoth she)
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embrew
In blood of Kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
Could ought on earth so wondrous change have wrought
As to have robde you of that manly hew?
Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
Then farewell fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought.

XLI

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight,
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene rest from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilest Fortune favoured her successe in fight,
In which whenas she him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his semblance glad.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII]

XLII

So there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale :
During which space she there as Princess rained ;
And changing all that forme of common-weale
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt ; and them restoring
To mens subjection, did true Justice deale :
That all they as a Goddesse her adoring,
Her wisdomedid admire, and hearkned to her loring.

XLIII

For all those Knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free ;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee :
And that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall :
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, whatso befall,
Upon his first adventure, which him forth did call.

XLIV

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of griefe ;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe :
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe ;
That womanish complaints she did repressse,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

There she continu'd for a certaine space;
Till through his want her woe did more increase :
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane while her noble Lord sir Artegall
Went on his way ; ne ever howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall :
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII

*Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan, drive his wife,
Adicia to despaire.*

I

NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifie
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

II

So whylome learnd that mighty Jewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
So also did that great Oeteane Knight
For his loves sake his Lions skin undight:
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect,
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane ;
But left his love, albe her strong request,
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode himselfe uppon his first intent :
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest ;
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

IV

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights, that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chaste
In hope to have her overhent at last :
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent ;
And ever as she rode her eye was backward bent.

V

Soone after these he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode apace,
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might :
So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
They being chased that did others chace.
At length he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face ;
However loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algaates now abide, and answere make.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

VI

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull Mayd ;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spie
Sir Artegall, to whom she streight did hie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enemy :
Who seeing her approach gan forward set
To save her from her feare, and him from force to let.

VII

But he like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quight have overwent,
So both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But Artegall was stronger,
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer [wronger.
Then two speares length ; so mischief overmatcht the

VIII

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke ;
For on his head unhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke asunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast :
Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan which before him past.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

Instead of whom finding there ready prest
Sir Artegall, without discretion
He at him ran, with ready speare in rest :
Who seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke
And broke their speares ; yet neither has forgon
His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke,
And tottred like two towres, which through a tempest quooke.

X

But when againe they had recovered sence,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had fayld of their pretence.
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Untill they both doe heare what she to them will say.

XI

They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake ;
Ah gentle Knights, what meane ye thus unwise
Upon yourselves anothers wrong to wreake ?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise :
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground. What doe ye then devise
Of more revenge ? if more, then I am shee
Which was the roote of all, end your revenge on me.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XII

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
To weete if it were true as she had told ;
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And Ventailes reare each other to behold.
Tho whenas Artegall did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew.

XIII

Saying, sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus sore,
Suffring my hand against my heart to stray :
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends myselfe yours evermore,
Or whatso penaunce shall by you be red.
To whom the Prince ; Certes me needeth more
To crave the same, whom errour so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the ded.

XIV

But sith ye please that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespassse soone be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby.
So can they both themselves full eath perswade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

Then Artegall gan of the Prince enquire, [layd,
What were those knights which there on ground were
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that Mayd.
Certes I wote not well, (the Prince then sayd)
But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayed,
And lo the Damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know.

XVI

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And asked her, what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie ;
And what was she herselfe so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus ; Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and majestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.

XVII

Her name Mercilla most men use to call,
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty, knowen over all,
And soveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy,
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne ;
Yet she herselfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XVIII

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes here by,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate,
Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply :
And her good Knights, of which so brave a band
Serves her, as any Princesse under sky,
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

XIX

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill
Which he unto her people does each day,
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay :
That O ye heavens defend, and turne away
From her unto the miscreant himselfe,
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
And Idols serves : so let his Idols serve the Elfe.

XX

To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt, and stird up day and night
By his bad wife that hight Adicia ;
Who counsels him through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right.
For she herselfe professeth mortall foe
To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all that love her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest
Both to herselfe, and to her common-weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message unto her she sent,
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement,
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

XXII

All times have wont safe passage to afford
To messengers that come for causes just :
But this proude Dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make prooffe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

XXIII

And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent :
But thank't be God, and your good hardiment,
They have the price of their owne folly payd.
So said this damzell, that hight Samient,
And to those knights, for their so noble ayd,
Herselfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks repayd.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XXIV

But they now having throughly heard, and seene
All those great wrongs, the which that mayd complained
To have bene done against her Lady Queene
By that proud dame, which her so much disdained,
Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to worke avengement strong,
Uppon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,
And uppon all those Knights that did to her belong.

XXV

But thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselves devise :
First that sir Artegall should him array,
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay ;
And then that Damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him convey
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornefull Lady, that for her had sent.

XXVI

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegall
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That damzell, led her to the Souldans right :
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened streight it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Damzell as his purchast pray ;
And sent to him a Page that mote direct his way.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offerd his service to disarm the Knight ;
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour dight.
Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defyance, did of him requere
That Damsell, whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

XXVIII

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought,
And mounting straight upon a charret hye,
With yron wheelles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beasts for provender did spred.

XXIX

So forth he came all in a cote of plate,
Burnisht with bloudie rust, whiles on the greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte
In glistering armes right goodly well besene,
That shone as bright as doth the heaven sheene ;
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord ; to th' end
He should his fiale to finall execution bend.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XXX

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different :
For the proud Souldan, with presumptuous cheare,
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and avengement :
But the brave Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight ;
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

XXXI

Like to the Thracian Tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in pieces by Alcides great ;
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to have torne
With his sharpe wheelles, in his first rages heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained scorne.

XXXII

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charet drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew.
Yet as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shunn'd with heedful vew,
It had himselfe transfixed, or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

Oft drew the prince unto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare ;
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wing-footed coursers him did beare
So fast away, that, ere his readie speare
He could advance, he farre was gone and past.
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast ;
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last

XXXIV

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore.
The wicked shaft guyded through th' ayrie wyde,
By some bad spirit that it to mischief bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

XXXV

Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe,
That opened had the welspring of his blood ;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood.
That made him rave, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XXXVI

Still when he sought t'approch unto him ny,
 His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
 And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
 And eke his steedes like to an hungry hound,
 That hunting after game hath carrion found,
 So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
 That his good steed, all were he much renound
 For noble courage, and for hardie race,
 Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

XXXVII

Thus long they trast and traversst to and fro,
 Seeking by every way to make some breach:
 Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him goe,
 That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
 Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach.
 At last from his victorious shield he drew
 The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
 And comming full before his horses vew,
 As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

XXXVIII

Like lightening flash, that hath the gazer burned,
 So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
 That backe againe upon themselves they turned,
 And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
 Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay,
 With raynes, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
 Nought feared they what he could do or say,
 But th' onely feare, that was before their vew;
 From which like mazed deare dismayfully they flew.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Fast did they fly as them their feete could beare,
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.
In vaine the pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more :
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought awayles ;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go which way they list ; their guide they have forlore.

XL

As when the frie-mouthed steedes, which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaetons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew,
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well knowne courses they forwent,
And leading th' ever burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

XLI

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former law ; [draw
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did
The yron charet, and the wheelles did teare,
And tost the Paynim, without feare or awe ;
From side to side they tost him here and there
Crying to them in vaine, that nould his crying heare.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XLII

Yet still the Prince pursw'd him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind.
At last they have all overthrowne to ground
Quite topside turvey, and the pagan hound
Amongst the yron hookes and graples keene,
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the greene.

XLIII

Like as the cursed sonne of Theseus,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his stepdames love outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne ;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the wooddy Nymphes did wayle and mourne.
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape, appear'd no litle moniment.

XLIV

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to brused and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
How worthily, by heavens high decree,
Justice that day of wrong herselfe had wroken,
That all men which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

So on a tree, before the Tyrants dore,
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a moniment for evermore.
Which when his Ladie from the castles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright :
Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,
She was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones devise to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow,
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatallly did vow
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere,
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe. And comming present there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

XLVII

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands murdred infant out,
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about ;
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus Priests, her owne deare flesh did teare.
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Moenades so furious were,
As this bold woman, when she saw that Damzell there.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

XLVIII

But Artegall being thereof aware,
Did stay her cruell hand, ere she her raught,
And as she did herselfe to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught :
With that like one enfelon'd or distraught,
She forth did rome, whether her rage her bore,
With franticke passion, and with furie fraught ;
And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Unto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

XLIX

As a mad bytch, whenas the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at everything, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beast that commeth in her path.
There they doe say that she transformed was
Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath
In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
To prove her surname true, that she imposed has.

L

Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout :
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld Goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame ;
So that with finall force them all he overcame.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE .

LI

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde ;
And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array,
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.
So both for rest there having stayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another song.

CANTO IX

*Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle
Whom Talus doth dismay;
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And see her rich array.*

I

WHAT Tygre, or what other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell,
As wrong, when it hath arm'd itselfe with might?
Not fit mongst men that doe with reason mell,
But mongst wyld beasts and salvage woods to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell
Are dreadded most, and feared for their powre:
Fit for Adicia, there to build her wicked bowre.

II

There let her wonne farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

III

Where having with Sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way.
But she them woo'd by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought, to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre away.

IV

By whose entreatie both they overcommen,
Agree to goe with her, and by the way,
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen,
Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray
A straunge adventure, which not farre thence lay :
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie thereabout,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

V

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (she sayd)
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde :
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face ;
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous over all.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

VI

Through these his slights he many doth confound,
And eke the rocke, in which he wents to dwell,
Is wondrous strong and hewen farre under ground,
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say it goeth downe to hell.
And all within, it full of wyndings is,
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne, that once are gone amis.

VII

Which when those knights had heard, their hearts gan earne,
To understand that villeins dwelling place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
Were not (sayd she) that it should let your pace
Towards my Ladies presence by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place.
Then let not that (said they) stay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that carle have hent.

VIII

So forth they past, till they approached ny
Unto the rocke, where was the villains won,
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the knights thereof: who thereupon
Gaf to advize, what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raysing pittifull uprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

With noyse whereof whenas the caytive carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke, and there upon the soyle
Having herselfe in wretched wize abjected,
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great grieve had her affected.

X

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave,
Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have.
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks that downe his shoulders shagged,
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment
Made of straunge stuffe, but all to worne and ragged,
And underneath his breech was all to torne and jagged.

XI

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke ;
And ever round about he cast his looke.
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldom fished at the brooke,
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XII

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride.
But when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade,
To banish feare, and with Sardonian smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from herself unwares he might her steale the while.

XIII

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant trickes before her show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For he in slights and jugling feates did flow,
And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

XIV

To which whilest she lent her intentive mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That oversprad her like a puffe of wind;
And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud. But whenas ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe and fast away did fly.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

But Artegall him after did pursew,
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still :
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will ;
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight,
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill :
Ne ought avayled for the armed knight
To thinke to follow him, that was so swift and light.

XVI

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent,
To follow him ; for he was swift in chace.
He him pursewd, wherever that he went,
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
Whereso he fled, he followed him apace :
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend unto the base.
There he him courst afresh, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

XVII

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne ;
But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast :
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand :
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land,
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XVIII

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his Lord Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights.
Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw.
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew :
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drew.

XIX

But whenas he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle ;
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past.
So did deceipt the selfe-deceiver fayle ;
There they him left a carrion outcast,
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their repast.

XX

Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd,
To see her Ladie, as they did agree.
To which when she approched, thus she sayd ;
Loe now, right noble knights, arriv'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see :
There shall ye see my soverayne Lady Queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
Or that with Diademe hath ever crowned beene.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare
The prayes of that Prince so manifold,
And passing litle further, commen were
Where they a stately pallace did behold,
Of pompous show, much more then she had told ;
With many towres and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seem'd to outshine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge beholders eye.

XXII

There they alighting, by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight :
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night ;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
That sate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That under shew oftymes of fayned semblance,
Are wont in Princes courts to worke great scath and hindrance.

XXIII

His name was Awe ; by whom they passing in
Went up the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din,
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome.
By whom they passing, through the thickest preasse,
The marshall of the hall to them did come,
His name hight Order, who commaunding peace,
Them gnyded through the throng, that did their clamors cease.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXIV

They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze ;
 Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
 Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
 And with unwonted terror halfe affray.
 For never saw they there the like array.
 Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
 But joyous peace and quietnesse alway,
 Dealing just judgements, that mote not be broken
 For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.

XXV

There as they entred at the Scriene, they saw
 Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vyle
 Nayld to a post, adjudged so by law :
 For that therewith he falsely did revyle,
 And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guyle,
 Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,
 And with lewd poems which he did compyle ;
 For the bold title of a Poet bad
 He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had sprad.

XXVI

Thus there he stood, whylest high over his head,
 There written was the purport of his sin,
 In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
 BON FONT : but *bon* that once had written bin,
 Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in.
 So now *Malfont* was plainly to be red ;
 Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
 Or that he likened was to a welhed
 Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by him shed.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

They passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gracious Queene :
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth have gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device ;
And all embost with Lyons and with Flourdelice.

XXVIII

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tisew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode spreading wings did wyde unfold ;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beams,
Glistring like gold, among the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glittering gleames.

XXIX

Seemed those litle Angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants, through their nimblesse bold :
Besides a thousand more of such as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate :
She Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie Conquerors, in royall state,
Whylest kings and kesars at her feet did them prostrate.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXX

Thus she did sit in soverayne Majestie,
 Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
 The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
 With which high God had blest her happie land,
 Maugre so many foes which did withstand.
 But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
 Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand ;
 Yet whenas foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
 She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

XXXI

And round about before her feet there sate
 A bevie of faire Virgins clad in white,
 That goodly seem'd t'adorne her royall state,
 All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
 Litæ, by him begot in loves delight
 Upon the righteous Themis : those they say
 Upon Joves judgment seat wayt day and night,
 And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
 They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

XXXII

They also doe by his divine permission
 Upon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
 And often treat for pardon and remission
 To suppliants, through frayltie which offend.
 Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend :
 Just Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene,
 And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
 Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
 And sacred Reverence, yborne of heavenly strene.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
Whylest underneath her feete, there as she sate,
An huge great Lyon lay, (that mote appall
An hardie courage,) like captived thrall,
With a strong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when salvage choler gan redound.

XXXIV

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
Those two strange knights were to her presence brought;
Who bowing low before her Majestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone that they imagine mought:
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high-soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some majestie imperiall.

XXXV

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw:
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that majestie and awe,
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two entertake.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXXVI

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affaires of commonwele,
Dealing of Justice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people mean and base:
Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard,
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard:
But at the sight of these, those were awhile debard.

XXXVII

But after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand,
Herselfe eftsoones she can convert againe;
Which that those knights likewise mote understand,
And wisse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none.

XXXVIII

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foul abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to revele ;
That well could charme his tongue, and time his speach
To all assayes ; his name was called Zele :
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes by her enured,
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her person had procured.

XL

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, Duessa hight,
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care,
And mickle mischief unto many a knight,
By her beguyled and confounded quight :
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did frame.

XLI

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred,
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred,)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto herselfe deryve,
And triumph in their blood whom she to death did dryve.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XLII

But through high heavens grace, which favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes,
Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere prooffe it tooke, discovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their crymes,
Such be the meede of all that by such meane
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes.
But false Duessa, now untitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene,

XLIII

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame.
And with him, to make part against her, came
Many grave persons that against her pled;
First was a sage old Syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

XLIV

Then gan Authority her to appose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute;
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples Cry and Commons sute,
Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
And lastly Justice charged her with breach of lawes.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

But then for her, on the contrarie part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead :
First there came Pittie, with full tender hart,
And with her joyn'd Regard of womanhead ;
And then came Daunger threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance unto forren powre ;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre ;
And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares forth powre.

XLVI

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part.
Through the sad terror of so dreadful fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate,
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which whenas Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull objects to them to present.

XLVII

He gan t' efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusations to produce in place :
He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
The cursed Ate, brought her face to face,
Who privie was, and partie in the case :
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XLVIII

Then brought he forth, with griesly grim aspect,
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe :
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits, and mutinous uprore :
Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

XLIX

All which whenas the Prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent.
And from her partiè eftsoones was drawen cleene.
But Artégall with constant firme intent,
For zeale of Justice, was against her bent.
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
And to their Queene for judgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for Justice gainst the thrall.

L

But she, whose Princely breast was touched nere
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let just vengeance on her light ;
But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light ;
The which she covering with her purple pall
Would have the passion hid, and up arose withall.

CANTO X

*Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belgee for to fight,
Gerioneos Seneschall
He slays in Belges right.*

I

SOME Clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of Justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightyes everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race ;
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace.

II

For if that Vertue be of so great might,
Which from just verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spilles the principall to save the part ;
So much more then is that of powre and art
That seekes to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart :
As it is greater prayse to save, then spill,
And better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.



THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

III

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth itselfe enlarged has,
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore,
Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those Nations farre thy justice doe adore:
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.

IV

Much more it praysed was of those two knights;
The noble Prince, and righteous Artegall,
When they had seene and heard her doome arights
Against Duessa, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet even then raising her wilfull fall,
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

V

During all which, those knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiving curtesies
Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthie paternes of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

Amongst the rest which in that space befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land, where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares ;
Sent by their mother who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas.

VII

Her name was Belgæ, who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly sonnes ; which who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

VIII

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood :
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped, nor withstood.
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect, and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th' armes and legs of three, to succour him in fight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

IX

And sooth they say, that he was borne and bred
Of Gyants race, the sonne of Geryon,
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred,
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subjection,
Through his three bodies powre in one combyn'd ;
And eke all strangers in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd ;
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd.

X

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t' attend them on.
But walk't about them ever and anone,
With his two-headed dogge, that Orthrus hight ;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon ;
And foule Echidna, in the house of night ;
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

XI

His sonne was this, Geryoneo hight ;
Who after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where Belgæ then did dwell,
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow (as befell),
After her Noble husbands late decesse ;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

CANTO x] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes,
That should their powre against her right oppose.
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion chose ;
Which long he usd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

XIII

By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him souveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit.
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To stirre up strife, and many a Tragicke stowre,
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull Monster to devoure,
And setting up an Idole of his owne
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.

XIV

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For ayde against that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft.
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this Ladies giest :
To whom their sute they humbly did present,
In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XV

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
The noble Briton Prince with his brave Peare ;
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,
Nor undertake the same, for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat
To graunt him that adventure for his former feat.

XVI

She gladly graunted it : then he straightway
Himselfe unto his journey gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount,
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

XVII

Then taking humble leave of that great Queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beseeue,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
With those two gentle youthes, which him did guide,
And all his way before him still prepare.
Ne after him did Artegall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

It was not long till that the Prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that Ladie sad,
Whereof that Tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle, and citties glad,
In which she wont to harbour happily :
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there herself did hyde from his hard tyranny.

XIX

There he found her in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight ;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight :
And eke herselfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly ;
But, when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up joyfully :
For well she wist this knight came succour to apply.

XX

And running unto them with greedy joys,
Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
And bursting forth in tears : Ah my sweet boyes,
(Sayd she) yet now I gin new life to feele,
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe, at this your joyous sight.
Alreadie seems that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright,
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXI

Then turning unto him ; And you Sir knight,
(Said she) that taken have this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
For so great travell, as you doe sustaine :
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else but bare life doth remaine,
And that so wretched one, as ye do see
Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee.

XXII

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
And low dismounting from his loftie steede,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede,
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede.
So thence he wished her with him to wend,
Unto some place, where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort which God now did send :
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

XXIII

Ay me, (said she) and whither shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threatning towres
Raced and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marishes, and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those ravenous dogs.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEEN -

XXIV

Nathlesse (said he) deare Ladie, with me goe,
Some place shall us receive, and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to us with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
With such his chearefull speeches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends,
And bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him wends.

XXV

They came unto a Citie farre up land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had bene;
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres, and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund, without needing perswade.

XXVI

That Castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled downe,
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had been the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th' offended heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne.
When those gainst states and kingdomes do conjure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure?

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXVII

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it bear the yoke of inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enjoy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposed on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his Idole most untrew.

XXVIII

To him he hath, before this Castle greene,
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Ivory, full rich besenee,
On which that cursed Idol farre proclaimed,
He hath set up, and him his God hath named,
Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to God's owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes, to see, it would agrize.

XXIX

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed Idols altar-stone,
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none
That lives on earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee.
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone:
What else they have is all the Tyrants fee:
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

There eke he placed a strong garrison,
And set a Seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all venturous knights in fight ;
To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne.
To which when now they gan approach in sight,
The Ladie counseld him the place to shonne,
Whereas so many knights had foully bene fordonne.

XXXI

Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard,
But ryding streight under the Castle wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward,
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall.
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight.

XXXII

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
Amid their shields, with so huge might and maine,
That seem'd their soules they would have ryven quight
Out of their breasts, with furious despight :
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield, where it empight :
So pure the metall was, and well refynd,
But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXXIII

Not so the Princes, but with restlesse force,
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his haberjeon, and eke his corse :
Which tombling downe upon the senselesse ground,
Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound
To wander in the griesly shades of night.
There did the Prince him leave in deadly swound,
And thence unto the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

XXXIV

But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
Which towards him all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.
As three great Culverings for batterie bent,
And leveld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forthrent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment.

XXXV

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder ;
Who from his saddle swarved nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder,
But like a bulwarke, firmly did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield, and pierst through either syde,
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away ;
And after them the Prince as swiftly shed,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play.
There whilst they entring, th' one did th' other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he overhent,
And as he pressed in, him there did slay :
His carkasse tumbling on the threshold, sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment.

XXXVII

The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate ; but that same lump of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stay :
The whiles the Prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne. Streight th' other fled away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
Himselfe to save : but he there slew him at the skreene.

XXXVIII

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conveyd out at a Posterne dore.
Long sought the Prince, but when he found no more
T' oppose against his powre, he forth issued
Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had vewed,
And what she had not scene, within unto her shewed.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO

XXXIX

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greetin^g
For so great prowesse, as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him, with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led,
With her two sonnes, right deare to her beloved,
Where all that night themselves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

CANTO XI

*Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belge unto her right.*

I

It often fals, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong :
But Justice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right.
As by sad Belge seemes, whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redress thereof by this brave Briton knight.

II

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady Belge now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Seneschall low on the ground,
And eke himselfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound :
Yet sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage, and take better cheare.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

III

Nathelesse himselfe he armed all in hast,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle, which they conquerd had.
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,
And with bold vaunts, and ydle threatning bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

IV

The Prince staid not his aunswere to devize,
But opening streight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize ;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly aunswerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings justifie with his owne hand.

V

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have overrun him streight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight :
That the bold Prince was forced foote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight ;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could have rive.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
Besides the double strength, which in them was :
For stil when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand, and with such nimblesse sly
Could wield about, that ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII

Which uncouth use whenas the Prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were unwares deceived ;
And ever ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete, and warily withstand.
One time, when he his weapon faynd to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme, as he it up did lift.

VIII

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdaine,
He brayd aloud for very fell despight,
And sodainely t' avenge himselfe againe,
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all :
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,
Upon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horses head him quite did mall.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

IX

Down streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare:
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himselfe to fight on foote prepare.
Whereof whenas the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles, that pitched are awry.

X

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And gan let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine.
But th' Adamantine shield, which he did beare,
So well was tempred, that for all his maine,
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine.

XI

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,
As if he would have tottered to one side.
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assay,
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw,
Against his Gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto himselfe with horreur great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he strooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

XIII

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To save himselfe from those his furious heats,
And watch advauntage how to worke his care :
The which good Fortune to him offred faire.
For as he in his rage him overstrooke,
He ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortal steel quite through the body strooke.

XIV

Through all three bodies he him strooke attonce ;
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine :
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have slaine.
So now all three one sencelesse lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,
And byting th' earth for very deaths disdaine ;
Who with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the house of dole, his daies there to deplore.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XV

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
She towards him in hast herselfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand :
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall
Uppon these warriours, greedy t' understand
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

XVI

But Belge with her sonnes prostrated low
Before his feete, in all that peoples sight,
Mongst joyes mixing some tears, mongst wele, some wo,
Him thus bespake ; O most redoubted Knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That erst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might ;
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But ev'n that which thou savedst, thine still to remaine ?

XVII

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying ; Deare lady, deedes ought not be scand
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right :
That same is it which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway ?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further sayd ; Ah sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace.
What is there else (sayd he) left of their rout?
Declare it boldly Dame, and doe not stand in dout.

XIX

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby,
There stands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame :
To whom, for endlesse horror of his shame,
He offred up for daily sacrifice
My children and my people, burnt in flame,
With all the tortures that he could devise,
The more t' aggrate his God with such his blouddy guize.

XX

And underneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses that die
In sacrifice unto that cursed feend :
Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever scap'd : for of a man they say
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poysnous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXI

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great desire, that Monster to assay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne.
Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streightway
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the Church he came, where it was told
The Monster underneath the Altar lay;
There he that Idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold.

XXII

Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
And the third time out of an hidden shade
There forth issewd, from under th' Altars smooke,
A dreadfull feend, with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht itselfe as it had long lyen still;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrifide that feared nothing ill.

XXIII

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall furies kinde:
For of a mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horror which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did finde.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse ;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare whatso she can oppresse ;
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds, whereso it is empight ;
And Eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

XXV

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill herselfe for very hearts despight,
That he had red her Riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole :
So also did this Monster use like slight
To many a one, which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceived like a foole.

XXVI

She comming forth, whenas she first beheld
The armed Prince, with shield so blazing bright,
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would have turnd for great affright.
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight
To save herselfe, least that he did her slay :
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her way.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXVII

Tho when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him, like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend :
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend ;
But when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

XXVIII

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell,
That even the Temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast.
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger, and stand halfe aghast
With trembling joynts, as he for terrour shooke ;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

XXIX

As when the Mast of some well timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,
Whilest still she stands as stonisht and forlorne :
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile.
But ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He joynted it, and mard the swinging of her flaile.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

Then gan she cry much louder than afore,
That all the people, there without, it heard,
And Belge selfe was therewith stonied sore,
As if the onely sound thereof she feard.
But then the feend herselfe more fiercely reard
Upon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreseene with heedfull view,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

XXXI

But as she prest on him with heavy sway,
Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way,
To issue forth; the which, once being brust,
Like to a great Mill-damb forth fiercely gusht.
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most ugly filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

XXXII

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With Belge, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same daunger drad.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXXIII

Whom when she saw so joyously come forth,
 She gan rejoyce, and shew triumphant chere,
 .Lauding and praying his renowned worth,
 By all the names that honorable were.
 Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
 The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
 And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere ;
 Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
 In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

XXXIV

Then all the people which beheld that day
 Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rong ;
 And all the damzels of that towne in ray,
 Came dauncing forth, and joyous carrols song :
 So him they led through all their streetes along,
 Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies,
 And all the vulgar did about them throng,
 To see the man, whose everlasting praise
 They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

XXXV

There he with Belgæ did awhile remaine,
 Making great feast and joyous merriment,
 Untill he had her settled in her raine,
 With safe assuraunce and establishment.
 Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
 Full loath to Belgæ and to all the rest :
 Of whom yet taking leave, thenceforth he went,
 And to his former journey him address,
 On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

But turne we now to noble Artegall ;
Who having left Mercilla, streightway went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weete, to worke Irenaes franchisement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils ; and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approacht he has.

XXXVII

There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone :
To whom as he approacht, he knew anone,
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Unto his souveraine Queene her suite for to commend.

XXXVIII

Whom by his name saluting thus he gan ;
Haile good Sir Sergis, truest Knight alive,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive ;
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found ?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive ?
To whom he thus ; She liveth sure and sound ;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXXIX

For she presuming on th' appointed tyde,
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the salvage Ilands syde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come, where she afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
Who her imprison'd hath, and her life often sought.

XL

And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him justifie, and prove her cleare
Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth reare
She death shall sure aby. Those tidings sad
Did much abash Sir Artégall to heare,
And grieved sore, that through his fault she had
Fallen into that tyrants hand and usage bad.

XLI

Then thus replide : Now sure and by my life.
Too much am I to blame for that faire Maide,
That have her drawne to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide.
But witnesse unto me, ye heavens, that know
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide :
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from complishing the faith which I did owe.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long space
Hath he her lent, a Champion to provide :
Ten daies (quoth he) he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well before that tide
None can have tidings to assist her side.
For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoste :
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste.

XLIII

Now turne againe (sir Artegall then sayd)
For if I live till those ten daies have end,
Assure yourselfe, Sir Knight, she shall have ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend ;
So backward he attone with him did wend.
Tho as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusde array,
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

XLIV

To which as they approcht, the cause to know,
They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse :
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI]

XLV

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,
 To reskue her from their rude violence,
 And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
 Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
 Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence.
 But all in vaine, their numbers are so great,
 That naught may boot to banishe them from thence :
 For soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
 They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat,

XLVI

And now they doe so sharply him assay,
 That they his shield in peeces battred have,
 And forced him to throw it quite away,
 Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save ;
 Albe that it most safety to him gave,
 And much did magnifie his noble name.
 For from the day that he thus did it leave,
 Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,
 And counted but a recreant Knight, with endles shame.

XLVII

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
 They drew unto his aide ; but that rude rout
 Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
 And forced them, however strong and stout
 They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
 Backe to recule ; untill that yron man
 With his huge flaile began to lay about,
 From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
 Like scattred chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLVIII

So when that Knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare, began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,
In saving him from daungerous despaire
Of those, which sought his life for to empaire.
Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
The whole occasion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what those villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere.

XLIX

To whom he thus ; My name is Burbon hight,
Well knowne, and far renowned heretofore,
Untill late mischief did uppon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore ;
And that faire Lady, which in that uprore
Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdellis hight,
Is mine owne love, though me she have forlore,
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

L

But sure to me her faith she first did plight,
To be my love, and take me for her Lord,
Till that a Tyrant, which Grandtortò hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyced her to him for to accord.
O who may not with gifts and words be tempted ?
Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented :
Ay me, that ever guyle in women was invented.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

LI

And now he hath this troupe of villains sent,
By open force to fetch her quite away :
Gainst whom myselfe I long in vaine have bent,
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may :
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with unequall might doe overlay,
That oft I driven am to great distresse,
And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedillesse.

LII

But why have ye (said Artegall) forborne
Your owne good shield in daungerous dismay ?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
Which unto any knight behappen may
To loose the badge, that should his deedes display.
To whom sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame,
That shall I unto you (quoth he) bewray ;
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement came.

LIII

True is, that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the Red-crosse ;
Who when he gave me armes in field to fight,
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers badge upon the bosse :
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse ;
Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LIV

But for that many did that shield envie,
And cruell enemies increased more ;
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutchin being battred sore,
I layd aside, and have of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned :
Yet can I not my love have nathemore ;
For she by force is still fro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth mistrayned.

LV

To whom thus Artegall ; Certes Sir knight,
Hard is the case, the which ye doe complaine ;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disaventrous field ;
Dye rather, then doe ought that mote dishonour yield.

LVI

Not so (quoth he) for yet when time doth serve,
My former shield I may resume againe :
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
Whenas necessitie doth it constraine.
Fie on such forgerie (said Artegall)
Under one hood to shadow faces twaine.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all :
Of all things to dissemble foully may befall.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

LVII

Yet let me you of courtesie request,
(Said Burbon) to assist me now at need
Against these pesants which have me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands be freed,
Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyte
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftsoones unto the fight
Did set upon those troupes with all his powre and might.

LVIII

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme,
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bils and glayves making a dreadfull luster ;
That forst at first those knights backe to retyre :
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe inquire.

LIX

But whenas overblowen was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt ;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale :
The raskall manie soone they overthrew,
But the two knights themselves their captains did subdew.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LX

At last they came whereas that Ladie bode,
 Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight,
 To save themselves, and scattered were abroad :
 Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
 As neither glad nor sorie for their sight ;
 Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
 In roiall robes, and many Jewels dight,
 But that those villens through their usage bad
 Them foully rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXI

But Burbon streight dismounting from his steed,
 Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
 And catching her fast by her ragged weed,
 Would have embraced her with hart entyre.
 But she backstarting with disdainfull yre,
 Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
 Allured be, for prayer nor for meed.
 Whom when those knights so froward and forlore
 Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded sore.

LXII

Sayd Artegall ; What foule disgrace is this,
 To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
 To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
 With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
 Or change of love for any worlds delight ?
 Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
 As prayse and honour ? or is ought so bright
 And beautifull as glories beames appeare, [cleare ?
 Whose goodly light then Phœbus lampe doth shine more

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

LXIII

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee,
To leave the love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignitie debased :
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold ;
But dearer then them both your faith once plighted hold.

LXIV

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to answere thereunto did find :
But hanging down her head with heavie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare.
Which Burbon seeing, her againe assayd,
And clasping twixt his armes, her up did reare
Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gainesayd,
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

LXV

Nathlesse the yron man did still pursew
That raskall many with unpittied spoyle,
Ne ceased not, till all their scattred crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that soyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But Artegall seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed :
For that the terme approching fast, required speed.

CANTO XII

*Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaieth him in field.*

I

O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raine,
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine.
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure long.

II

Witnesse may Burbon be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,
Until the love of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithless and unsound:
And witnesse be Gerioneo found,
Who for like cause faire Belge did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
Than all the rest burst out to all outrageousnesse.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

III

Gainst whom Sir Artegall, long having since
Taken in hand th' exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
Great Gloriane, that Tyrant to fordoo,
Though other great adventures hethertoo
Had it forslackt. But now time drawing ny,
To him assynd, her high beheast to doo,
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply
To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry.

IV

Tho when they came to the sea-coast, they found
A ship all readie (as good fortune fell)
To put to sea, with whom they did compound,
To passe them over, where them list to tell:
The winde and weather served them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
Whereas they readie found them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall.

V

But nathemore would they from land refraine,
But whenas nigh unto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might sound the bottome plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth issew,
Though darts from shore and stōnes they at him threw;
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might o' all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,
And made to fly like doves, whom th' Eagle doth affray.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

The whyles Sir Artegall, with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight.
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
By those which earst did fly away for feare
Of their arrivall : wherewith troubled sore,
He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to have incountred, ere they left the shore.

VII

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force ;
But Talus sternely did upon them set,
And brusht, and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse ;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers hand.

VIII

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage,
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make :
To which all harkning did awhile asswage
Their forces furie, and their terror slake ;
Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenaes cause with him in single fight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

IX

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattedred people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine.
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day.
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

X

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine ;
For he had given streight commaundement
That none should dare him once to entertaine :
Which none durst breake, though many would right faine
For faire Irena, whom they loved deare.
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purway which for them needfull weare.

XI

The morrow next, that was the dismall day,
Appointed for Irenas death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegals arrivall, her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore ;
Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee ;
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

Then up she rose, and on herselfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day,
And with dull countenance, and with doleful spright,
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay,
For to receive the doome of her decay.
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

XIII

Like as a tender Rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill, and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
Disprends the glorie of her leaves gay ;
Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farre day.

XIV

Who came at length, with proud presumptuous gate,
Into the field as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a steele cap he did weare
Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong ;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to justifie his wrong.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XV

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might ;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight :
His face was ugly, and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
That whether man or monster one could scarce discerne.

XVI

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare,
And grinning griesly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon which in hand he held.
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about, to be in readie plight.

XVII

The trompets sound, and they together goe,
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent ;
And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow,
To doe most dammage whereas most they ment.
But with such force and furie violent,
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

Which cruell outrage whenas Artegall
Did well advise, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where-ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed :
As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed
A storme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his mainsheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

XIX

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abeare,
And stouped oft his head from shame to shield ;
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare
And much to gaine, a litle for to yield :
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did overlade.

XX

Yet whenas fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand, to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare,
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore bloud thence gushing grievously
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye ;
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXI

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect :
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing, tooke no great effect,
But byting deepe therein did sticke so fast,
That by no meanes it backe again he forth could wrast.

XXII

Long while he tug'd and strove, to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about :
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield undoe.
Which Artegall perceiving, strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely than afore.

XXIII

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last,
He stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
That with the souse thereof full sore aghast,
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted.
Againe whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That falling, on his mother earth he fed :
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head, to ease him of his paine.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for joy of his succeſſe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrant's awe,
Which with ſtrong powre did them long time oppreſſe ;
And running all with greedie joyfulneſſe
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humbleneſſe
As their true Liege and Princeſſe naturall ;
And eke her champions glorie ſounded over all.

XXV

Who ſtreight her leading with meeete maieſtie
Unto the pallace, where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein eſtabliſh peaceableie,
And to her kingdomes ſeat reſtore agayne ;
And all ſuch perſons, as did late maintayne
That Tyrants part, with cloſe or open ayde,
He ſorely puniſhed with heauey payne ;
That in ſhort ſpace, whiles there with her he ſtayd,
Not one was left that durſt her once haue diſobayd.

XXVI

During which time that he did there remaine,
His ſtudie was true iuſtice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his buſie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale :
And that ſame yron man, which could reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he ſent,
To ſearch out thoſe that uſd to rob and ſteale,
Or did rebell gainſt lawfull government ;
On whom he did inflict moſt grieuous puniſhment.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXVII

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of Justice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realme for to redresse.
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her, there left in heavinesse.

XXVIII

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe, whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
Whenas two old ill-favour'd Hags he met,
By the way-side being together set,
Two griesly creatures ; and to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most ugly cases.

XXIX

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt ; and her foule heare
Hung loose and loathsomely ; thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might through her cheekes be red ;
Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew,
And as she spake, therewith she slavered ;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the lesse she sed.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like puttocks clawes; with th' one of which she scratcht
Her cursed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed, and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her jawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

XXXI

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby;
Whose nature is to grieve, and grudge at all,
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily,
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse, may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall.
For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monsters monstrous dyeat.

XXXII

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid;
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gayned a great stake.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXXIII

The other nothing better was then shee;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree:
For whatso Envie good or bad did fynd,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, whatever evill she conceived,
Did spread abroad, and throw in th' open wynd:
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have bereaved.

XXXIV

For whatsoever good by any sayd,
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes invent,
How to deprave, or slaunderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

XXXV

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling.
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excelling
In mischief: for herselfe she only vext;
But this same both herselfe and others eke perplex.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short
Appear'd like Aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whomso she wils :
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils,
And faynes to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good, which others had disprad.

XXXVII

These two now had themselves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir Artegall,
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall :
Besides unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant beast men call,
A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

XXXVIII

Such were these Hags, and so unhandsome drest :
Who when they nigh approaching, had espyde
Sir Artegall return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards curres had scryde
A ravenous Wolfe amongst the scattered flockes.
And Envie first, as she that first him eyed,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares, does beat her brest, and forehead knockes.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXXIX

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which while she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throws it most despightfully.
The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawed thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remayned secretly,
And as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

XL

Then th' other comming neare, gan him revile,
And foully rayle, with all she could invent ;
Saying, that he had with unmanly guile,
And foule abusion both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of justice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie,
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent :
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd, he foully did to die.

XLI

Thereto the Blatant beast by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay ;
And all the aire rebellowed againe.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And evermore those hags themselves did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that so false sclaunders at him threw.
And more to make them pierce and wound more deepe,
She with the sting, which in her vile tongue grew,
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

XLIII

But Talus hearing her to lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him, that well deserved,
Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heast observed.
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.

GLOSSARY

Adj. = adjective.	Int. = Introductory stanzas.
Adv. = adverb.	Pret. = Preterite.
Arg. = { Argument	Pp. = Past participle.
{ at head	sb. = substantive.
{ of Canto.	vb. = verb.

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 Warton, "Observations on the Faerie Queene."

N.B.—All "Notes," save textual ones, which will be found at the end, are for the sake of convenience included in this Glossary.

Abusion, shameful or deceitful doings, xii. 40.

Aby, buy, pay for, suffer for, "doen aby" = make suffer for, iii. 36; endure, xi. 40.

Accordance, accord, agreement, viii. 14.

Accoste (to), border, lie along by, xi. 42.

Accrew, grow, increase, v. 7.

Accusements, accusations, ix. 47.

Adamantine, diamond, xi. 10.

This shield was last heard of in use in Bk. I., c. vii., viii.

Adaw, subdue, ix. 35 (**adawd**); abashed, daunted, v. 45; terrified, overawed, vii. 20.

Addresse, prepare for, get ready, iii. 4; iv. 48; xi. 21.

Addeeme, adjudge, iii. 15.

Adicia (=Injustice), the wife of the Soldan, the enemy of Mercilla, Arg. viii.

Adrad, terrified, i. 22, *et seq.*

Adventer, adventure, try, v. 5.

Advewed, had viewed, or looked upon (?). This is the reading of all the old editions; but no such

GLOSSARY

- word is found elsewhere. Upton and others suggest that it is a printer's error; =had viewed; but it is more probably a coinage of Spenser's, iii. 20.
- Advise**, devise, plan; "better bad advise" =bade them plan something better, iv. 38.
- Egyptian wisards**, "Herodotus states that the priests of Egypt informed him that the sun had, during the space of 11,340 years, four times altered his regular course, having been twice observed to rise where he now sets, and to go down twice where he now rises" (Child), Int. viii.
- Affide, Affyde**, affianced, betrothed, iii. 2; confided, v. 53.
- Afore**, in front, v. 3, *et seq.*
- Aggrate**, please, gratify, xi. 19.
- Aggrize**, horrify, x. 28.
- Aguz'd**, attired, arrayed, iii. 4.
- Albee**, whether (he) be, albeit, ii. 6; even though of, viii. 3.
- Alcides**. *See Hercules*, and **Thracian**.
- Alew**, halloo, crying, vi. 13.
- Algates**, by any means, iii. 30, *et pass.*
- All**, although, viii. 36, *et pass.*
- Als**, also, ix. 11, *et pass.*
- Amate**, dismay, ii. 21; daunt, iv. 28; (**amated**), xi. 64.
- Amazon**, the Amazons were a nation of warlike women who forswore the society of men, and founded an empire of their own in Asia Minor, iv. 29.
- Amidas**. *See Milesio*.
- Among**, all the while, xii. 42.
- Andvile**, anvil, v. 8.
- Anone**, anon, at once, xi. 37.
- Anthony**, Mark Anthony, triumvir of Rome, whose enslavement to the love of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, ruined his career. At the Battle of Actium (B.C. 30), Cleopatra abandoned him and sailed away. He followed her, reckless, and the battle was therefore lost. This had been his last chance of recovering his power; and at this failure he stabbed himself, viii. 2.
- Apay**, repay, v. 33 (**Apayd**); pleased, vii. 18.
- Appeach**, impeach, charge with crime, ix. 47.
- Appele**, call to account, ix. 39.
- Appose**, examine, confront with questions or objections, ix. 44. *See N.E.D.*
- Aread, Areed, Arede**, declare, deliver, Int. xi.; know, understand, tell, iii. 35; vi. 8; say, declare, i. 19; xi. 42; xii. 9.
- Areed**. *See Aread*.
- Arew**, in a row or succession, xii. 29.
- Arights**, aright, x. 4. *See N.E.D.*
- Armeddan**, a knight who fought in the tournament at Florimell's wedding, iii. 5.
- Armericke**, perhaps =Armorica,

GLOSSARY

i.e. Brittany. But Todd's suggestion to read *Americke*, *America*, is much more likely. The passage then would mean that Mercilla's (*Elizabeth's*) fame extended from the extreme West to the extreme East, x. 3.

Array, treat harshly, discomfit, ii. 25.

Artgall, Artegal, Arthegal, i. 4.

The Knight of Justice—the hero of this book. He has also appeared in Books iii. and iv., and Spenser makes him the son of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, and Igera, who was the mother of Arthur. (*See* Bk. III. c. 3.) It has been suggested that the name Arthegal, or Artegal=Arthur's peer or equal, which would agree with the character and action of this knight.

Aspis, *Asp* (or=*asp's*), xii. 36.

See N. E. D. for form of the word.

Aspyred, aspired to, aimed at, ix. 41.

Assay (sb.), combat, fight, iv. 23; (*assaies*), iii. 5; occasions of trial or attack, ix. 39; attempt, assault, attack, v. 52, viii. 37.

Assay (vb.), attack, assault, iv. 47; xi. 21, 26, 46; (*assaies*), ii. 8; attempt, try, xi. 51; (*assaid*), iv. 38.

Assemblaunce, assembling, assemblage, iv. 21.

Assynde, assigned, vi. 3. The

"utmost date" was three months. (*See* Bk. IV. c. 6.)

Astræa, a goddess or patroness of Justice, said by some writers to be a daughter of Jupiter. She lived on earth in the Golden Age, but the wickedness of men drove her to heaven in the brazen and iron ages. She became the constellation Virgo, *i.e.* the Virgin, i. 5.

Ate, the goddess of Mischief, identified by Spenser with Eris, the goddess of Discord. The poet invents her ugliness and some other points, ix. 47.

Attonce, together, v. 52, *et pass.*

Attone (when), in company, brought together, ii. 48; together, viii. 16.

Avengement (of), vengeance upon, vi. 18.

Avise, Avize, look at, iii. 18; observe, xii. 18.

Awhaped, confused, stupefied, xi. 32.

Ayrie. *See* **Wide**.

Bacchus, the god of wine, who taught men to grow the vine, is here shown as the upholder of justice and law; — a tradition preserved by various classical writers, who say that what Hercules, as the champion of justice and civilisation, did in the West, Bacchus did in the East, i. 2.

Bace, the game of "Prisoner's base," played by two sides, who

GLOSSARY

- occupy "bases" or "homes" near together. A player runs out from his home, and is chased by one of the opposite side, and if caught, is made a prisoner, viii. 5.
- Baffuld**, disgraced in public, iii. 37, *et seq.* Holinshed, quoted by Collier, gives an account of *baffulling*, and adds, "Among the Scots it is a great disgrace, and is used when a man is openly perjured," etc.
- Bake**, harden, vii. 9.
- Bale**, ruin, destruction, v. 29.
- Ballance**, **Ballaunce**, scales for weighing, i. 11; ii. 30.
- Band**, cursed, ii. 18; xi. 12.
- Bannes**, curses, viii. 39.
- Base**, lowly, v. 25, 40.
- Bases**, a short skirt of mail, reaching from the waist to the knee, worn by knights on horseback, v. 20.
- Basted**, *lit.* sewn loosely; "basted with bends" seems to mean that the bands of gold were sewn on as a trimming, v. 3.
- Battailous**, warlike, v. 21; xi. 40.
- Baudricke**, belt or girdle; the Zodiac is here viewed as a girdle studded with gems, i. 11.
- Bedight**, bedecked, furnished, arrayed, Int. 10, *et pass.*
- Beheast**, command, Int. 9; i. 29.
- Behight**, addressed, iv. 25; vii. 20; delivered over, entrusted, xi. 3.
- Belgæ**, **Belgee**, **Belge**, the lady who was delivered by Prince Arthur from the thralldom of Gerioneo, Arg. x.
- Bellisont**, one of the knights who fought in the tournament at Florimell's wedding, iii. 5.
- Bellodant**, the knight who rejected the love of Radigund the Amazon, iv. 30.
- Bends**, bands, v. 3.
- Bereaved**, taken away, carried off, iii. 30.
- Beseeme**, befit, i. 28; ii. 1.
- Beseene**, provided, x. 17; "rich beseene"=rich to look at, or, richly furnished, x. 28; "well-beseene"=(a) well appointed, or looking well (referring to the armour); (b) well-equipped; or, good-looking, handsome, viii. 29. *See* N.E.D.
- Bestad**, placed, situated, i. 22; vi. 10 (bested); xii. 23; beset, vi. 17.
- Bested**. *See* **Bestad**.
- Bestrad**, bestrode, ii. 13.
- Bet**, beat (pp.), ii. 21; iii. 11.
- Betid**. *See* **Betide**.
- Betide**, happen, i. 23; (**betid**, pp.), xii. 32.
- Bewray**, make known, reveal, ii. 6, 25; v. 21; declare, tell, iii. 25; vi. 30; xi. 52, "bondage doth bewray." It was a sign of freedom among peoples of the North to wear the hair long—cropped hair showed slavery.

GLOSSARY

- Bickerment**, bickering, wrangling, iv. 6.
- Bin**, are, i. 13.
- Blame**, blameworthy, xi. 41.
- Blandamour**, a knight who appears in Book IV. c. i. etc. He is one of the lovers of Duessa. ix. 41.
- Blatant Beast**, the monster who pursues Artegal after he has finished his quest of overthrowing Grantorto. In Book VI. the main quest of the Knight of Courtesy is to destroy this creature who symbolises "Public Opinion" or Calumny. The word *Blatant* (*blattant*) was apparently invented by Spenser. It has been suggested that he intended it as an archaic form of *bleating*. . . . The Latin *blatire*, to babble, may also be compared (*See* N.E.D.), xii. 37.
- Blent**, polluted, stained, vi. 13; xii. 40; mingled (?), or, perhaps, the same as above, vi. 18.
- Bode**, abode, tarried, xi. 60.
- Bond**, bound, ii. 4.
- Bonfont** (=Fount of Good), the original name of the poet who, having written blasphemy against Mercilla, was named *Malfont*, ix. 26.
- Boone**, request, petition, "meekest boone that they imagine mought" = made a very humble request (?); or may "boone" here = service, homage, and the idea expressed be simply a repetition of "myld obeysance" (?), ix. 34.
- Boreas**, the god of the north wind, xi. 58.
- Bound**, boundary, ii. 36.
- Bowbent**, bent as a bow, curved, Int. vi.
- Bracidas**. *See* *Milesio*.
- Braggadocchio** (=big braggart), iii. 10. His history was begun in Book II. c. iii., and continued in Books III. and IV.
- Brand**, sword, i. 8.
- Bread**, bred, raised up, ix. 45.
- Brent**, burnt, viii. 40.
- Brigadore**, the name of Guyon's horse. There seems little reason to doubt that the word is Spenser's adaptation of *Brigliodoro*—the name of Orlando's horse in Ariosto and Boiardo, *i.e.* a golden bridle (*briglia d'oro*). *See* Warton. iii. 34.
- Brim**, edge of the horizon, ix. 35.
- Britomart**, the daughter of King Ryence of Wales (who is alluded to in c. vii. 21). She is the Champion of Chastity and the heroine of Book III. She plays a prominent part in Book IV.
- Briton Prince**, Prince Arthur, ix. 46.
- Britonesse**, female Briton, vii. 34. *See* for Britomart's birth and ancestry, Book III., Cantos ii., iii., ix.
- Brunell**, one of the knights who

GLOSSARY

- fought in the tournament at the marriage of Florimell. In Ariosto there is a knave called Brunello, who at last became a king. Spenser may have adopted the name here, iii. 5.
- Burbon**, a knight who was the lover of the lady Flourdelice. He is helped by Artegal, iv. 49.
- Bylive**, quickly, swiftly, iv. 42.
- Call**, a cry or sound used to decoy birds, v. 52.
- Camis**, a light, loose robe either of silk or linen, v. 3.
- Can=gan**, began, often used merely as the auxiliary "did," viii. 14.
- Captivance**, captivity, vi. 17.
- Careful**, full of care or sorrow, sad, v. 27.
- Gemitare**, scimitar, v. 3, 9.
- Charret, Charret**, chariot, viii. 28, 32, *et pass.*
- Champlan**, open country, the "field" in military phrase, ii. 15.
- Charmes**, plays, ix. 13.
- Chaufe** (sb.), fury, passion, ii. 15.
- Chaufe**, grow angry, x. 12 (**Chauft**), fretted, fumed, vi. 13.
- Cheare**, feast, entertainment, ii. 3.
- Child, Childe**, a youth of gentle birth; a knight, viii. 32; xi. 8, 13.
- Chrysaor** (=golden sword), the sword given by Astræa (Justice) to Artegal, i. 9.
- Clarín**. See **Clarinda**.
- Clarinda**, the handmaid of Radi-gund, v. 29.
- Clarkes**, scholars, philosophers, x. 1.
- Coasted**, made way to, ii. 29.
- Colchicke**. See **Medea**.
- Commen**, commune, talk, ix. 4.
- Compacte**, arrangement, agreement, "things compacte" = "the arrangement of the matter or plan," vi. 16.
- Complishing**, accomplishing, fulfilling, xi. 41.
- Complot**, plot, viii. 25.
- Conceived**, received into, or sprung from, the mind; imagined, v. 31.
- Conceiving**, understanding, v. 35.
- Constitution**, arrangement or combination of elements, Int. 4.
- Containe**, hold together, control, vii. 1; xii. 1.
- Convert**, turn round, change, v. 28.
- Counterpoise**, counterpoise, balance with equal weight, ii. 46.
- Courage**, heart, mind, inclination, ix. 46.
- Courst**, chased, iv. 44; ix. 18.
- Crab**, the Constellation Cancer, the 4th sign of the Zodiac, Int. 6. See **Spheares**.
- Crake**, utter in a bragging way, iii. 16.
- Craples**, grapples, claws, viii. 40.
- Crocke**, an earthen pot, ii. 33.
- Crooke**, gibbet, v. 18.
- Cropt**, cut or lopped off, i. 18.

GLOSSARY

Culverings, cannon, x. 34.
Curat, cuirass, breastplate, v. 20 ; viii. 34.
Curllets. See **Curat**.
Custometh, accustometh, is accustomed, ii. 7.
Darraine, engage in (battle), ii. 15 ; xii. 19.
Darre, dare, iv. 44, *et pass*.
Daunger, *lit.* power to harm, here=range or reach, iii. 8.
Deeme, judge, pronounce, i. 28 ; ii. 39 ; iv. 18, 19 ; (**Deeming**) judge or distinguish between, i. 8.
Defraide, discharged, fulfilled (*lit.* paid the cost of), xi. 41.
Defye, refuse, repudiate, v. 56.
Degendered, degenerated, Int. 2.
Delices, dainties, delicacies, iii. 40.
Demeane, demeanour, v. 51.
Denye, refuse, forbid, i. 17 ; iii. 32.
Depravest, defamest, decriest, vii. 32.
Deryve, obtain (*lit.* to obtain from its source), ix. 41 ; a word used here with reference to the historical meaning of the passage. Mary of Scotland (Duessa) claimed the crown of England by right of descent, looking upon Elizabeth (Mercilla) as an usurper.
Descrie, discover, disclose, iii. 32.
Deseigne, design, purpose, viii. 25.
Desining, pointing out, betokening, vii. 8.

Despeire, despair, iii. 1, *et pass*.
Despight, bitter anger, ill-feeling, ii. 18 ; indignant or fierce challenge (?), iii. 31 ; outrage, iv. 43. In lives despight = in spite or defiance of life, iv. 32, *et pass*.
Detaine, detention, vi. 15.
Deucallione, a son of Prometheus. He and his wife Pyrrha were the only survivors of mankind from the great Deluge sent upon the world by Jupiter. When the flood was over they consulted an oracle, who told them to repeople the earth by throwing behind them the bones of their grandmother (*i.e.* stones of the earth). They obeyed, and the stones thrown by Deucalion became men, those by Pyrrha, women. Int. 2.
Deviceful, wonderful, curious, iii. 3 ; ingenious, clever, that which hunts out new or strange ways (of reasoning), x. 1. "Deviceful sights" refers probably to the masques, pageants, and triumphs, so common in Elizabeth's reign.
Dew, due, appointed, i. 27.
Dice (=Justice), one of the attendants upon Mercilla. See **Litae**. ix. 32.
Dight, ill-used, i. 14 ; brought about, inflicted, ii. 18 ; arrayed, accoutred, iv. 21, *et pass*.
Dilate, relate, vi. 17.
Disadventerous, disaventrous,

GLOSSARY

- disastrous, iv. 47 ; unfortunate, unpropitious, xi. 55.
- Discarded**, forced away, "he that helpe from her discarded" = he deprived her, by force, of the help of her shield, v. 8.
- Discolor**, stain, i. 14.
- Disgrast**, disgraced, iii. 28.
- Disparted**, separated, dispersed, iii. 7 ; iv. 43.
- Dispred**, overspread, vii. 5 ; spread abroad, dilated upon, xii. 36.
- Divide**, dispense, deal out, Int. 9. iv. 39, *et pass.*
- Doale**, portion (fig. of blows).
- Doen**, cause, make, iii. 35 ; done (pp.), i. 15 ; v. 51, *et pass.* See **Donne**.
- Dolon** (=deceiver), the crafty old knight who plotted against the life of Britomart, Arg. vi.
- Dome**. See **Doome**.
- Donne**, done, iii. 6 ; (**done**) caused, made, iv. 29, *et pass.*
- Dony**, Florimell's dwarf. Upton suggests that the name is a contraction of Adonio, or Adonis, a knight in Ariosto's Orlando. The passage here is obscure. "Whom having lost" = he having lost her (Florimel). See **Scattered scarf**. ii. 3.
- Doole**, distress, sorrow, xi. 25.
- Doome**, judgment, decision, i. 5, 29 ; iii. 35 ; v. 17 ; v. 16, *et pass.*
- Doubt**, danger, peril, xi. 47.
- Doure**, dower, iv. 8.
- Dout**, a matter whose end is uncertain, v. 5.
- Drad**, dreaded, feared, vii. 38.
- Dread** (sb.), a term of respectful address, used towards a person who is revered or feared, v. 31.
- Dreadlesse**, fearless, iv. 1.
- Dred**, dread, awful, Int. 9.
- Drent**, drowned, vii. 39.
- Dreriment**, horror, iii. 26.
- Driftes**, plans, ix. 42.
- Duessa** (=twofold), ix. 40, an evil but beautiful woman, the personification of Falsehood who plays a large part in *F. Q.*, Book I.
- Dyeat**, diet, food, xii. 31.
- Earne**, long, wish intensely, ix. 7 ; xi. 21.
- Earst**, at present, at length, Int. 2.
- Easement**, ease, relief, v. 15.
- Eath**, easily, viii. 14.
- Ecastor**, a knight who fought in the tournament at Florimell's wedding, iii. 5.
- Echidna**, a monster half woman half serpent ; married Typhœus, and was the mother of Cerberus, Hydra, Orthrus, etc., x. 10 ; xi. 23.
- Eeke**, increase, ii. 49.
- Eft**, then, immediately, i. 21 ; back, iii. 27.
- Efforce**, force out, bring out (the evidence) by force, ix. 47.
- Eftsoones**, soon afterwards, very soon, ix. 49.

GLOSSARY

- Eidé**, eyed, scanned, iii. 17.
- Eirene** (=Peace), one of the attendants on Mercilla. *See Litae*, ix. 32.
- Elfe**, an elf; applied by Spenser to the knights of his Fairyland, ii. 37; a malignant being, viii. 19.
- Elfin**, belonging to Fairyland, iv. 46; v. 35.
- Embatteld**, adapted or arranged for battle, viii. 34.
- Empaire**, lessen, ii. 32; iv. 8, 34; impair, injure, xi. 48.
- Emparlance**, parley, speech, iv. 50.
- Empassionate**, stirred with strong feeling or passion, ix. 46.
- Empeach**, hinder, vi. 21; vii. 35; viii. 37.
- Empight**, fixed, placed, x. 8; might implant itself, x. 32, *et pass.*
- Empierced**, pierced, v. 13; vii. 33.
- Emprise, emprize**, enterprise, undertaking, iii. 15; vii. 21; prowess, iv. 2.
- Enchace**, adorn; *lit.* to place (gems) in a "setting," i. 11; x.; close in upon, x. 34.
- Enduren**, endure, iv. 42.
- Endamag'd**, damaged, injured, viii. 14.
- Endangerment**, coming into danger, ii. 20.
- Endorse**, indorse, inscribe, xi. 53.
- Enfelon'd**, infuriated, viii. 48.
- Engin**, devices, v. 51; any instrument used in warfare, but especially the battering ram and cannon; here applied to lightning, v. 11.
- Ensew**, follow on, continue, iv. 15.
- Enterdeale**, mediation, viii. 21.
- Entertain**, entertainment, conversation, ix. 37.
- Entertake**, entertain, ix. 35.
- Enured**, committed, ix. 39.
- Errant**, wandering, out on a quest or expedition, vi. 6.
- Eschew**, avoid, viii. 32.
- Espiall**, observation, iv. 15.
- Eumenias**, the old gaoler who kept the prisoners of Radigund, v. 34.
- Eunomie** (=Wise rule), one of the attendants on Mercilla. *See Litae*, ix. 32.
- Europa**, the daughter of a King of Phoenicia. Jupiter wooed her in the form of a bull, and carried her on his back to Crete. The bull became the constellation Taurus, Int. 5.
- Eurytion**, the cowherd who kept the fierce flocks of Geryon, x. 10.
- Ewftes**, efts, lizards (?), x. 23.
- Extreate**, extraction, x. 1.
- Eyne**, eyes, i. 13, *et pass.*
- Faerie Queene, Faerie Prince**, Gloriana, i. 4; xii. 3.
- Face**, show a false face, ix. 5.
- Fact**, deed, ix. 43.

GLOSSARY

Faery (sb.), an inhabitant of Fairyland, v. 55. The word "fairy" is used by Spenser in a sense of his own—more dignified than the modern meaning. His knights, *e.g.*, are constantly termed "Faeries" or "Elfs."

Faerie, Fayrie, Fayry (adj.), belonging to Fairyland, iv. 48 ; v. 32 ; xii. 19, 27, 43.

Fain'd, was fain or glad, i. 22.

Falne, fallen, ii. 12 ; iv. 26, *et pass.*

Far'd, fared, went, i. 30.

Fare, faring, going, journey, x. 16.

Farewell, open field, ix. 24. This may bear several meanings ; of which the most likely is : "May it fare well with us in the open field."

Various editors, in order to make this meaning quite clear, have suggested to read, "Well fare open field"—a somewhat needless change.

It is just possible, however, that the phrase may mean : Farewell (to what has failed us) ; we turn to the open field.

Farmes. This word may refer either to the farming or collecting of public taxes—a privilege that could be bought—or to leases of land, or perhaps merely to "farms" in the modern sense, ii. 4.

Favours. *See* **Likelynesse**.

Fay, faith, viii. 19.

Faytour, villain, viii. 8.

Feat, doings ; any particular kind of action ; used of the special operations in any trade or art, v. 7 ; deed, x. 15, *et pass.*

Fee, possessions, property, vii. 43 ; share, x. 29. (*See* N.E.D. for a full account of the meanings of this word.)

Fell, malignant, fierce, iv. 39 ; v. 47 ; vi. 14, *et pass.*

Felly, cruelly, fiercely, v. 36, *et pass.*

Felnesse, fierceness, cruelty, vi. 18 ; malignant anger, v. 32.

Fere, mate, companion, iii. 22 ; spouse, husband, vii. 23.

Fet, fetched, iii. 11.

Field, open country, x. 24. *See* **Farewell**.

Field, the surface of an escutcheon or shield—an heraldic term, i. 19.

Flatling, with the flat side, v. 18.

Flight, arrow-flight, vi. 36.

Floud, river, ii. 12.

Flong, flung (himself), kicked or plunged, iii. 34.

Florimell (=honey-flower?). Her history was begun in Book III. c. i. and continued in Book IV. ii. 2.

Flourdelice, the "fleur de lis" or white lily, ix. 27.

Flourdellis, the name of a lady (personifying France), xi. 49.

Flush, "a flight of birds suddenly started up," ii. 54. N.E.D.

GLOSSARY

Fond, foolish, xi. 23, 63.
Fond, found, iv. 3, *et pass.*
Fone, foes, vi. 37, *et pass.*
Forbore, spared, refrained from injuring, v. 7.
Forborne, given up, xi. 52.
Forby, **Foreby**, near by, ii. 54; xi. 17.
Fordonne, destroyed, ii. 4; x. 30.
Fordoo, destroy, xii. 3.
Foreside, front, outside (used fig.), iii. 39. *See* N.E.D.
Forge, invent, devise (evil), ix. 5.
Forgoe, let go, xii. 22.
Forgon, given up, vii. 9; xi. 37; left, gone from, viii. 9.
Forlore, lost, viii. 39; forsaken, xi. 49; depraved, abandoned, xi. 61.
Forren, foreign, ix. 45.
Forstall, deal with, beset, attack (?), v. 47.
Forthrent, burst forth, x. 34.
Forwearied, over-wearied, out-wearied, v. 50.
Fowly, shamefully, vi. 1.
Foynd, thrust, v. 6.
Franlon, low woman, iii. 21.
Fray'd, terrified, xii. 15.
Frieze, freeze, xi. 2.
Furnitures, equipments, iii. 4.
Gan. *See* **Can**.
Gate, gait, carriage, xii. 14.
Gazement, gaze, stare, iii. 17.
Geare, business, matter in hand, viii. 30.
Geares, equipments, fittings, ii. 50.

Gent, "gentle" either in the sense of "well-born," or else of "well-mannered"; having the ways of gentlehood, x. 14.
Gerioneo. *See* **Geryoneo**.
Gerne, yawn, xii. 15.
Geryon, a giant with three bodies, who was overthrown by Hercules in Epirus, x. 9.
Geryoneo, the son of Geryon, and the oppressor of Belge. He was slain by Prince Arthur, Arg. x.
Ghessed, **ghest**, conjectured, surmised, i. 20; iii. 7.
Gieft, gift, power of giving, x. 14.
Girland, garland, used here of Florimell's girdle, iii. 14.
Gloriane, Gloriana (=Glory), the Faerie Queene, viii. 3.
Gobbet, lump, bit, xii. 39.
Goddesse, *i.e.* Queen Elizabeth. Int. 11.
Goshauke, goose-hawk, a large and fine kind of hawk, iv. 42.
Got, gained, xi. 9.
Goth, goeth, ii. 37.
Grantorto, **Grandtorto** (=great wrong), the oppressor of Irena. It was Artegall's quest to overthrow him, i. 3.
Grate, fret, iv. 37.
Grayle, gravel, sand (a Spenserian use of the word), ix. 19. *See* "Cent. Dict."
Gree, favour, "take it well in gree"=take it kindly, vi. 21.
Greet, "assign with praise," iii.

GLOSSARY

- 14; congratulate, iii. 15; xi. 15.
- Grippe**, grip, ii. 14.
- Groome**, attendant, serving-man. Artegall his groome=Artegall's groom, vi. 8.
- Guist**, joust (sb.), iii. 2.; (vb.), iii. 6.
- Guizor**, son of Dolon, and the abettor of Pollente; slain by Artegal, vi. 33.
- Guyon**, the Knight of Temperance, the hero of the legend of that virtue, iii. 29. The story of the stealing of his horse will be found in *F.Q.*, Book II. Canto iii.; and in c.i. of the same Book the history of the "wofull couple" referred to in stanza 31.
- Gyv'd**, fettered, iv. 35.
- Habergeon**, a short coat of mail armour, meant to protect the neck and breast; but the term is also used for any coat of linked mail, v. 2; x. 33.
- Hand**, "out of hand"=straight off, iv. 32.
- Hardyment**, rashness, iv. 24.
- Heast**, bidding, command, behest, i. 8; xii. 43.
- Heavens revolution**. See note on **Spheares**. Int. 4.
- Hedstall**, the part of the bridle that fits round the neck of the horse, iii. 33.
- Helle**. See **Phrixus**. Int. 5.
- Hend**, grasp, hold, xi. 27.
- Hent**, seized, caught, iii. 37; ix. 7.
- Hercules**. See **Bacchus**, **Iolas**, **Geryon**, **Thracian**.
- Hew**, form, person, appearance, ii. 25; viii. 12; xii. 29.
- High-aspyring**, i.e. the giant, ii. 50.
- Hight**, called, named, Int. 4, *et pass.*
- Hond**, hand, ii. 4.
- Hong**, hung, ii. 14.
- Hostry**, hostelry, lodging, x. 23.
- Hould** (sb.), captivity, prison, v. 55.
- Hould** (vb.), hold, i. 12.
- Impes**, children, xi. 16.
- Implie**, enfold, contain, vii. 12.
- Importune**, urge, entreat, ix. 44.
- Indian fount**, i.e. the East, x. 16.
- Infant**, knight, chiefly used of a young knight, viii. 41. Cp. **child**.
- Ino**, wife of Athamus K. of Thebes. Her husband was set against her by Juno, and murdered one of her children. Ino fled from him, and threw herself and her remaining son into the sea, having first killed the child, viii. 47.
- Inquest**, quest, enterprise, i. 13.
- Inquyre**, seek, look for, xi. 58.
- Intentive**, intent, attentive, ix. 14.
- Intreat**, treat, tell of, i. 1.
- Iolas**, Iole, daughter of King

GLOSSARY

- Eurytus, of Æchalia, greatly loved by Hercules. But it was not for her sake that he changed his raiment. It was for Omphale, Queen of Lydia. To please her he sat spinning among her maidens, and gave over to her his club and his lion's skin, v. 24.
- Irena.** There seems to be no doubt that Irena=Ierne, the old name for Ireland, i. 4.
- Isis,** the wife of Osyris (q.v.) personifying Equity. Arg. vii.
- Issewed,** issued, iii. 20.
- Jewish swaine,** Samson, whose locks of strength were shorn by Delilah, viii. 2.
- Joves eternall house,** *i.e.* his armoury in the heavens, whence Astræa stole away the sword Chrysaor, i. 9.
- Juncates,** delicate foods, sweet-meats, iv. 49.
- Keepe,** heed, xii. 42.
- Keight,** caught up, vi. 29.
- Kemd,** combed, vii. 4. It may be noticed that this description is not correct. The Egyptian priests were always bald. *See* Upton on this passage for some interesting notes upon Spenser's Egyptians.
- Kend,** saw, perceived, xi. 43.
- Kesars,** Cæsars, emperors, ix. 29.
- Kond,** knew, vi. 35.
- Kynd,** race, v. 41.
- Kynded,** begotten, v. 40.
- Lansacke,** a knight who fought in the tournament at the wedding of Florimell, iii. 5.
- Leasings,** lies, ii. 32; iii. 21.
- Lee,** stream; or does this refer to an actual river—the Lee of Ireland? ii. 19.
- Legierdemayne,** sleight of hand, ix. 13.
- Lenger,** longer, vi. 21, *et pass.*
- Lerna** (sb.), the lake of Lerna, into which the Danaides threw the heads of their murdered husbands, and near which Hercules killed the Hydra, xi. 32.
- Let,** hindrance, v. 52.
- Let** (vb.), hinder, viii. 6; ix. 7.
- Letten,** let, allowed, ii. 12.
- Levin,** lightning, vi. 40.
- Lewd,** insulting, vile, iii. 36.
- Lewdnes,** wickedness, iii. 38.
- Licentious,** unrestrained, v. 15.
- Lidge,** ledge, edge, vi. 36.
- Likelynesse,** likeness, appearance, "favours likelynesse" = the likeness of his countenance, vii. 39.
- Lime-hound,** leam-hound, a limmer, or large dog used in hunting, ii. 25.
- Lightly,** quickly, xii. 23.
- Line,** linen, vii. 6.
- List,** pleases, likes, ii. 41; (pt.) vi. 21, *et pass.*
- Listfull,** listening, attentive, i. 25.

GLOSSARY

- Litae** (=Prayers or Petitions), according to Homer, daughters of Jove who act as mediators between him and mankind. Spenser makes them, however, young and fair instead of old and wrinkled, and gives them the names of the Hours, ix. 31.
- Livelod**, livelihood, iv. 9.
- Lone**, loan, borrowing, vi. 37.
- Loose**, solve, xi. 25.
- Looser**, very free, or too free, v. 29.
- Lordships**, dominions, lands, ii. 5.
- Lore**, left, x. 38; lost, Int. 3.
- Lore**, speech, xi.; instruction, iv. 49.
- Loring**, teaching, vii. 42.
- Losel**, vagabond, iii. 21, 35; vi. 38, *et pass.*
- Lout**, submit, serve, viii. 50; bent, did obeisance, iii. 34.
- Lovely**, loving, iii. 40.
- Lovely layes**, lays or songs of love, iii. 5.
- Lowre**, scowl, frown, v. 18.
- Lucy**, the lady first loved by Amidas, but afterwards deserted by him for Philtra, iv. 9. *See Milesio.*
- Lust**, wished, wanted, iii. 6.
- Lusted**, glittering, gleam, x. 58.
- Madding Mother**, Agave, who tore to pieces her son Pentheus during a Bacchanalian orgy, viii. 47.
- Maidenhead**, **Maydenhead**, Maidenhood, virginity, iv. 29, 34. "Hold of maidenhead"= belong to the order of maidenhood.
- Mailes**, links of mail (?), v. 3.
- Malengin** (=evil genius, or having a genius for evil), also named (in the "Argument"), Guile, ix. 5.
- Malfont** (=Fount of evil). *See Bonfont.* ix. 26.
- Mall**, strike, bruise, xi. 8.
- Many**, company, retinue, xi. 3; 65.
- Marinell**, the son of Cymoent and the lover of Florimell, iii. 2, whose history was begun in Book III., c. iv., and continued in Book IV. iii. 4.
- Marke-white**, the centre of a target, v. 35.
- Marish**, marsh, swamp, x. 23.
- Maugre**, **maulgre**, against one's will, i. 29; in spite of, iv. 43; ix. 30.
- Maysterdome**, mastery, ii. 15.
- Medea**, daughter of the King of Colchis, who, fleeing from the fury of her father, cut up her brother Absyrtus, that the pursuer might stop to gather up the pieces, viii. 47.
- Meed**, bribery, payment, Int. 3. gift, ii. 9.
- Mell**, mix, mingle, ix. 1; (**melling**) xii. 35.
- Ment**, mingled, v. 12.
- Mercilla**, the "maiden" Queen on whose behalf Artegal fought against the Souldan, viii. 17.

GLOSSARY

Mew, cave, den, ix. 14.
Milesio, the father of the two brothers Amidas and Bracidas, whose contention was settled by Artegal, iv. 7.
Mickle, great, i. 15, *et pass.*
Misdeem'st, misjudgest, ii. 39.
Misdight, misclothed, shamefully dressed, vii. 37.
Misdoubtful, misgiving, mistrusting, vi. 4.
Misfare, ill fare, misfortune, xi. 48.
Misleeke, mislike, dislike, ii. 49.
Misprize, contempt, v. 48.
Mister, sort of, kind of, ii. 5.
Mistrayned, trained wrongly, xi. 54.
Misween'd, mistaken, viii. 46.
Moenades, the priestesses of Bacchus, viii. 47.
Molucas, the Molucca islands in the East Indies, viii. 47.
Moniment, memorial, v. 21; viii. 43.
Mote, may, i. 3, 25, *et pass.*
Mother, *i.e.* the earth, x. 35.
Mought, might, ix. 34.
Mountenance, amount, extent, vi. 36.
Munera (=gifts), the daughter of Pollente (q.v.). Arg. ii.
Myrie, miry, x. 23.
Napron, apron, v. 20.
Nemæan lion, the great lion slain by Hercules at Nemea, which became afterwards the constellation Leo. Int. 6.

Nimblesse, nimbleness, ix. 26; xi. 6.
Niobe, Niobe, who had seven sons and seven daughters, threw scorn upon Latona, who had but a son and daughter, Apollo and Diana. These two, however, avenged their mother by killing all the offspring of Niobe, who was changed into a stone. x. 7.
Noblesse, nobleness, heroism, ii. 1.
Nonce, "for the nonce," for the occasion or purpose in hand, xi. 14.
Note, might not, iii. 7.
Noult, would not, v. 16.
Noursled, brought up, reared, i. 6.
Ny, nigh, round about, ii. 9.
Obeysance, obedience, v. 28.
Ætean Knight, Hercules, so called because he died on Mount Æta, viii. 2.
Ordaind, selected, iv. 13.
Ordele, ordeal, *i.e.* "trial by ordeal" of fire, water, etc., i. 25.
Orimont, one of the knights who fought in the tournament at Florimell's wedding, iii. 5.
Orthrus, Geryon's two-headed dog. *See Echidna.* x. 10.
Over all, everywhere, ix. 5.
Overhent, overtaken, viii. 4; overtook, x. 36.
Over-raught, reaching over (the finger-tips), xii. 30.
Over-ren, overrun, tyrannise, ii. 19.

GLOSSARY

Osyris, Osiris, son of Jupiter and Niobe, a great king and lawgiver of the Egyptians. After his death he became the personification of Justice. vii. i.

Outhyred, hired out, sold. Int. 3.

Pall, weaken, iv. 5.

Paragone, comparison, iii. 24.

Paridell, ix. 41; a knight claiming descent from Paris of Troy. He is first met with in Book III. c. viii., and appears once again in Book IV. c. 2.

Pas, surpass, iii. 17; x. 3.

Payne, labour, xii. 26.

Paynim, pagan, heathen, ii. 13; viii. 11.

Peare, **Pere**, companion, i. 6; x. 15; nobles of the court (?), x. 6.

Peece, building, ii. 21.

Peise, weigh down, ii. 46.

Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, who rejected all suitors during the long absence of her husband at the time of the Trojan war. He was at last given up as drowned, but returned to her unexpectedly at the end of twenty years. *See* the *Odyssey*, Book xxiii. vii. 39.

Perswade, persuasion, x. 25.

Pesants, peasants, savage folk, xi. 57.

Phaeton, the son of Phœbus, who being allowed to drive his father's chariot across the sky,

lost control of it, and almost burnt up the world. He was struck dead by a thunderbolt from Jupiter. This stanza describes the disaster. The scorpion terrified Phaeton (or, as Spenser says, the horses). The "scorched path" = the milky way. viii. 40.

Philtera, the lady loved by Bracidas, who deserted her lover for his brother Amidas. iv. 8. *See* **Milesio**.

Phœbus, the Sun, xi. 62.

Phœbus charet, the chariot of Phœbus or Apollo, the Sun god, which he was supposed to drive every day across the sky, iii. 19.

Phlegrean plain, the scene of the war between the giants and the gods, which began in Phlegra (afterwards Pallene), a district of Macedonia, and was continued in Italy, in a place of the same name, the seat of volcanic activity, west of Naples, vii. 10.

Phrixus, son of a King of Thebes, who being persecuted by his stepmother, fled with his sister Helle to their friend the King of Colchis. According to some accounts they mounted on the back of a ram (Aries) whose fleece was of gold, and made their journey through the air; but on the way Helle fell off into

GLOSSARY

- the sea. Phrixus and the ram became the constellation Aries. Int. 5.
- Fight**, placed, fixed, Int. 4, *et pass.*
- Pils**, robs, plunders, ii. 6.
- Pinnoed**, pinioned, iv. 22.
- Plaine**, open, public, v. 16.
- Plast**, placed, given, v. 46.
- Plate**, plate armour, viii. 29; xii. 14.
- Plates**, the sheets of metal which go to form plate-armour, viii. 29.
- Pleasaunce**, pleasure, enjoyment, viii. 1.
- Pled**, pleaded, ix. 43.
- Plights**, folds, ix. 29.
- Pollente** (=powerful), the tyrannical "Sarazin" who ill-treated those who could not pay passage-money to cross his bridge. He was killed by Artegal. ii. 7.
- Pols**, despoils, plunders, ii. 6.
- Pore**, poor, 1. 4.
- Pound**, balance, scale, ii. 36.
- Practicke**, practised, skilled, vii. 29.
- Practise**, treachery, ix. 47.
- Pranke**, serious injury, rarely used in this sense. But see Cotgrave's Eng. and French Dict. (1650), where, amongst other words for Pranke, he gives "Malefice." i. 15.
- Pray**, prey upon, make prey of, iv. 14.
- Prayse**, fame, "prowesse prayse"=fame of prowess or bravery, iii. 5.
- Preace** (vb.), press, throng, vi. 29; (sb.), iii. 20, 29; vii. 35; ix. 23.
- Preased**, pressed, pushed, x. 37.
- Preasse**. See **Preace**.
- President**, precedent, iv. 2.
- Pretence**, intention, purpose, v. 33.
- Pretious**, precious; "in pretious store"=with great carefulness, iii. 13.
- Prest**, ready, vii. 27.
- Prickt**, rode, went, viii. 5.
- Priefe**, proof, trial, vii. 44.
- Prieved**, proved, experienced, iv. 33.
- Proteus**, iii. 2, the old sea-god, who could assume at will different shapes, especially when he wished to avoid answering questions. Unless held in fetters, he thus slipped from the grasp. The incident referred to may be found in Book III. c. viii.
- Prowesse**. See **Prayse**.
- Ptolomaeae**, Claudius Ptolomæus, a great astronomer, who taught at Alexandria. Int. 7.
- Puissance**, might, strength, ii. 17.
- Puttock**, a kite, a base kind of hawk, v. 15; xii. 30.
- Pyne**, misery, suffering, v. 22.
- Pyrrha**. See **Deucalion**.
- Queint**, artful, ingenious, vii. 21.
- Quell**, subdue, abash, crush, iii. 16; (**queld.**), iii. 26; xii. 16.
- Quick**, stir, ix. 33.

GLOSSARY

Quight, quite, entirely, ii. 18, *et pass.*

Quooke, quaked, trembled, viii. 9.

Race, course, career "in the middle race" = in full career, x. 34.

Raced, razed, brought to ruins, ii. 38; x. 23; cut off, shaved off, v. 11; erased, ix. 26.

Rad, rode, ii. 13.

Radegone, the name of the city of Radigund, the Amazon Queen, iv. 35.

Radigund, Queen of the Amazons, who, after illtreating many knights, is at last slain by Britomart, iv. 33.

Raine, reign, rule, ii. 38; v. 28; kingdom, xi. 35.

Rakehell, profligate, wicked, xi. 44.

Randon, random, Int. 6; viii. 49; "at randon" = by chance, iv. 19.

Rapt, carried off, viii. 43.

Rashing, hacking, hewing, iii. 8.

Raught, reached, i. 6, 8; v. 2; "fetched," iv. 41; touched, viii. 48; raised, xi. 10.

Ray, array, ii. 50; xi. 34.

Reach, extent, surface, vi. 21; penetration, ix. 39.

Read (sb.), matter, subject, Int. 11; decision, i. 26.

Read. See **Red**.

Ready, willing; "ready way," the way she was very willing to go. vi. 18.

Reave, snatch away, xi. 27; (**reaved**, pt.), i. 28; (**reft**, pt.),

took away, iii. 37; (pp.) iii. 27. The allusion in the last passage is to Book III. c. vii. 31; and Book IV. c. v. 16.

Reclayme, call back, hold back, xii. 9.

Recomfort, comfort, x. 22; (pt.), xi. 17.

Recomfortlesse, without comfort, uncomfortable, vi. 24.

Recoye, draw back, xi. 47; leave off, xi. 65.

Recule, recoil, xi. 47.

Recure, recover, i. 22; (**recur'd**), vii. 43; heal, cure, x. 26.

Red, conceived, thought of (pt.), vii. 5; ix. 28 (pp.), Int. 2; told, declared (pt.), ix. 43; (**rad**, pp.), vi. 10; read, solved (pp.), xi. 25; seen (pp.), xii. 29; (**read**, pp.), xii. 39; pronounced, viii. 13.

Red-Crosse, xi., 53, the knight of Holiness, whose shield bore this symbol. He is the hero of Bk. I.

Redoubted, dreadful, formidable, i. 3.

Reed, think, surmise, iii. 21; xii. 19.

Reeve. See **Reave**.

Refourmed, reformed, ii. 28.

Reft. See **Reave**.

Regiment, this probably means here "the whole warlike power of a kingdom," not merely one

GLOSSARY

- band of soldiers, i. 30. (*See* Collier on the history of the word.)
- Relent** (sb.), tarrying, delay, vii. 24.
- Relent** (vb.), soften, feel compassion, xi. 46.
- Renowned**, renowned, xi. 49.
- Renverst**, turned upside down, iii. 37.
- Reprieved**, reproved, vi. 24.
- Repryv'd**, reprieved, set free, iv. 35.
- Request**, need (desire of Britomart for the presence of Artegal), viii. 3.
- Rest**, a contrivance for steady-ing the lance or spear when couched for the charge, ii. 12.
- Resty**, restive, viii. 39.
- Retrate**, retreat, iv. 45; vii. 35.
- Retralte**, retreat, signal to retire, xii. 9.
- Rew**, pity, ii. 25; feel sorry for, v. 35; "done to rew" = caused to suffer, xi. 30.
- Rid**, rode, iii. 10; ridden, vi. 36.
- Rive**, rend, iv. 42; (**rives**), splits asunder, ii. 50; (**ryving**), iii. 8.
- Ronne**, run, iii. 6.
- Roved**, aimed (a word used most frequently of aiming at some casual mark), v. 35.
- Rowling**, rolling. Int. 5.
- Royne**, growl (?), ix. 33.
- Ruinate**, ruined, x. 26.
- Ryving**. *See* Rive.
- Sacrament**, oath, *i.e.* the oath of purification. This system of trial was called that of *compurgation*, i. 25.
- Samient**, the messenger sent by Mercilla to Adicia, Arg. viii.
- Sangler**, an evil knight, punished by Artegal, i. 20.
- Sardonian smile**, sardonic smile, *i.e.* Sardinian smile, because of a certain herb growing in Sardinia, which, it is said, distorts the mouths of those who eat it, ix. 12.
- Sarazin**, pagan, originally applied to Mahometans, but afterwards to all heathen, ii. 4, 11.
- Scape**, escape, iv. 27.
- Scath**, harm, hurt, viii. 49.
- Scattered scarf**, fallen scarf. There has been no mention in the story of any scattered or lost scarf of Florimell's; perhaps Spenser is thinking of her girdle, but that was picked up by Sir Satyrane, and not by the dwarf, ii. 3.
- Scriene**. *See* Skriene.
- Scutchin**, escutcheon, shield, xi. 54.
- Scryde**, descried, seen, xii. 38.
- Sdaine**, disdain, v. 51; (**sdayned**, pp.), disdained, scorned, v. 44.
- Sdeignfull**, disdainful, ii. 33; iv. 43.
- Seas'd**, took possession of by legal right, iv. 20.
- Seemelesse**, unseemly, ii. 25.
- Semblant**, semblance, likeness,

GLOSSARY

- iii. 19 ; appearance, manner, v. 56 ; vi. 19, *et pass.*
- Senselesse**, unable to feel, without sensation ; "senselesse horror" = horror which took away their senses, iii. 26.
- Sergis**, an old knight, the attendant of Irene, who reminds Artegal of his promise to rescue that lady from Grantorto, xi. 38.
- Sewd**, sued, prayed, v. 41.
- Shade**, hide, embody, vii. 3 ; (**shading**), screening, obscuring, or may it be here = shadowing forth ? vii. 2.
- Shard**, sheared, cut, i. 10.
- Shaumes**, shawms, musical instruments not unlike the bagpipe, v. 4.
- Shend**, disgrace, shame, iii. 37 ; (**shent**, pt.), iv. 24.
- Shonne**, shun, ii. 4, 42, *et pass.*
- Shope**, shaped, put forth, v. 39.
- Shot**, advanced, vi. 19.
- Sield**, hung, covered, v. 21.
- Sient**, scion, shoot, twig, i. 1.
- Singulfs**, sobs, vi. 13.
- Sith**, since, ii. 22, *et pass.*
- Sithence**, since, iv. 13, *et pass.*
- Skill**, matter, signify, iv. 14.
- Skreene**, "a partition extending across the lower end of the hall, forming a lobby within the main entrance doors" (Cent. Dict.), ix. 25 ; x. 37.
- Slight**, craft, i. 9 ; iii. 30 (pl.), arts, tricks, iii. 39 ; vi. 37.
- Sodaine**, sudden, ii. 8 ; **sodainely**, suddenly, iv. 39.
- Sondred**, parted, divided, v. 19, *et pass.*
- Sounder**, very sound, vi. 14.
- Somme**, sum, the whole of, vi. 8.
- Sore**, soar, ii. 34, *et pass.*
- Souce**, **souse**, swoop, iv. 42 ; blow, xii. 23 (**sowces**, pl.), iv. 24.
- Soudan**, **Souldan**, ruler (Sultan), Arg. viii.
- Source**, source, beginning, Int. 1.
- Southerne Lake**. "Nigh thirtie minutes," etc. "This refers to the diminution of the obliquity of the ecliptic, by which the sun recedes from the pole and approaches the equator. The quantity of this diminution, however, is incorrectly stated, and it is probable that 'thirtie' is a misprint for *thirteen*, which was very nearly the exact amount in Spenser's time" (Child). Int. 7.
- Space**, walk, move (at large), i. 11.
- Sparre**, bolt, bar (of a gate), xi. 43.
- Sperre** (vb.), bolt, bar, x. 37.
- Sperst**, disperst, scattered, iii. 37.
- Spheares**, spheres. "In this and the succeeding stanza, the effects of the precession of the equinoxes are correctly stated. The points where the ecliptic cuts the equator have a retro-

GLOSSARY

grade motion from East to West of about fifty seconds in a year. The equinoctial points were first fixed in the time of Hipparchus, since which time they have gone back nearly thirty degrees, which is the space occupied by each sign in the zodiac, so that the sun is now in the constellation Aries at the period of the year when he was formerly in Taurus, in Taurus when he was formerly in Gemini, etc." (Child.) Int. 5.

Spill, Spil, destroy, x. 2, xii. 36.

Spousde, espoused, married, ii. 2; iii. 3.

Sprights, spirits, iii. 40.

Springal, youth, x. 6.

Square, order, proper path. Int. i.

State, estate, *i.e.* title, claim, they had not even a defective title to the possession of the castle, xi. 3.

Steale, handle, xii. 14.

Star-read, star-lore, astronomy, Int. 5.

Start, swerve, x. 2.

Stile, title, right, "honours stile" = the right to honour.

Stonied, confused, amazed, or perhaps = stunned, xi. 30.

Stounds (sb), blows, iii. 22; bursts, vi. 17.

Stound (vb.), stunned, xi. 29.

Stoups, swoop, v. 15.

Stoure, **Stowre**, conflict, battle,

iii. 21; x. 13; occasion, time, v. 18; distress, ix. 45.

Straint, strain, pressure, ii. 14.

Strake, struck, kicked, iii. 33.

Streight (sb.), strait.

Streight (adv.), strict, vii. 28; xii. 10; (**Streighter**), v. 50.

Streightnesse, straitness, hard-ship, vi. 2.

Strond, strand, shore, ii. 4. This "strond" is described in Book III. c. iv. 23.

Strooke, struck, ii. 11.

Stygian Lake, *i.e.* the Styx, the most important river of the underworld, xi. 32.

Surcease, cease, iv. 45; (**surceast**, pp.), stopped, put an end to, ii. 37; refrained from, vii. 25.

Surquedrie, presumption, arrogance, ii. 30.

Suspect, suspicion, vii. 38.

Sute, suit, petition, v. 44.

Swat, sweated, ii. 46.

Talus, Artegal's attendant. Spenser has modelled him largely upon the Cretan Talus of antiquity, who was, however, not iron, but brazen. The poet has invented the iron flail. (*See* for a full account of the classical Talus, Warton on the *F. Q.*, vol. i.)

Tarras, terraces, ix. 21.

Teene, trouble, calamity, x. 7.

Terme (?), conditions, xi. 56.

Terpine, **Turpine**, the knight whom Talus frees from the

GLOSSARY

- power of Radigund, but afterwards the Amazon re-captures and hangs him. Arg. iv.
- Than**, then, xi. 38, *et pass.*
- Thaumantes**, *i.e.* Thaumás, whose daughter was Iris the Rainbow, iii. 25.
- Theban Knight**, Ædipus, who read the riddle of the Sphinx (*i.e.* the "Monster"). His progeny are called "fatall" because of dire punishments entailed upon them by his unwittingly incestuous marriage with his mother, xi. 25.
- Themis**, daughter of Cœlus and Terra, who married Jupiter and became the mother of the Hours and the Fates, etc. Her oracle at Attica was famous, ix. 31.
- Then**, than. Int. 2, *et pass.*
- Theseus**, "sonne of," *i.e.* Hippolytus, whose stepmother treacherously accused him to his father, who laid him under a curse and brought about his death, etc. Æsculapius afterwards restored him to life, viii. 43.
- Thrall**, enslave, i. 3.
- Thracian tyrant**, Diomedes, whose mares fed on human flesh, until Hercules killed them and him, viii. 31.
- Treasure**, treasure, iv. 12, *et pass.*
- Treasury**, treasury, ii. 9.
- Timbred**, like timber, massive, ii. 50.
- Tiltyard**, yard or court for tilting. The tiltyard was permanently kept for tilting, and was often the outer court of the castle. The "lists" were but temporary, iii. 10.
- Titans**, a race of giants, sons of Cœlus and Terra (Heaven and Earth), who, according to some accounts, fought against Jupiter and the Gods, i. 9.
- Tobrusd**, greatly bruised, viii. 44.
- Tofore**, before, vii. 38.
- Told**, counted, vi. 5. The passage here is difficult. "For houres but dayes, for weekes, etc." See "Textual Notes."
- Torent**, torn to pieces, viii. 4.
- Tortious**, wicked, viii. 30; x. 8; base, viii. 51.
- Totorne**, torn to pieces, ix. 10.
- Toworne**, outworn, ix. 10.
- Trace**, walk, go, ix. 7 (pt. **trast**), viii. 37.
- Tract**, lapse, iv. 8.
- Traine**, **Trayne**, company, band, ii. 33; deceit, treachery, iii. 31; vi. 34; viii. 19; ix. 47; xii. 40.
- Trayled**, spread over with a tracery or pattern, v. 2.
- Trenchant**, sharp, keen, v. 9.
- Tride**, proved, ii. 17; iv. 33; experienced, v. 6.
- Trompart** (=the deceiver), the wily attendant on Braggadocchio, iii. 17. (See Book II. c. iii.; and Book III. c. viii.)

GLOSSARY

Trye, choice, ii. 26.
Turney, tourney, joust, tilt. Arg. iii.
Tway, two, iv. 35.
Twight, twit, reproach, vi. 12.
Twinnes of Jove, Castor and Pollux, who became the constellation Gemini, the third sign of the zodiac. Int. 6.
Tyde, tide, time, xi. 39, *et pass.*
Tyne, grief, trouble, i. 13. *See Teen.*
Typhaon, Typhœus, Typhon, a monstrous giant with a hundred heads. *See Echidna*, x. 10.
Tyrannesse, female tyrant, v.
Uncouth, strange, unusual, v. 37; xi. 7.
Underfong, entrap, ii. 7.
Underminde, undermine, weaken, vi. 32.
Undertane, undertaken, promised, viii. 3.
Undight, put off, vii. 41, *et pass.*
Uneath, hard, difficult, iv. 22, *et pass.*
Unfould, unfold, disclose, i. 12.
Unherst, took them from the "stand" ("herse") on which they were placed. The passage describes the degradation of a recreant knight, iii. 37.
Unlaste, unlaced, vii. 8.
Unlike (which is), unlikely, v. 38.
Unweeting, unknowingly, viii. 13.
Unwist, unbeknown, not knowing (why), i. 22.
Upbraid, reproach, xi. 41.

Use, custom, usage, Int. 3; (*uses*), Int. 3; frequent experience, ii. 16.
Vade, fade, vanish, ii. 40.
Vele, veil, iii. 17.
Venge, avenge, iv. 34.
Ventaille, the movable front of the helmet; the term, however, should be applied, strictly speaking, only to the lower half of the front, the upper half being called the visor, viii. 12.
Vestiment, vestment, clothing, vi. 19; ix. 10.
Vilde, vile, vi. 35, *et pass.*
Virgin, *i.e.* the constellation Virgo. "Sixt in her degree"; "from the 14th century to the middle of the 18th, the year began on the 25th of March; hence August, in which the sun enters the constellation Virgo, was the sixth month" (Child). i. 11.
Visnomie, physiognomy, countenance, iv. 10.
Volded, cleared, iv. 46.
Wag, move, i. 22.
Warelesse, unconscious, i. 22; unwary, v. 17; unaware, v. 52.
Way (sb.), "Turned (her) way," =turned aside, xi. 26.
Way (vb.), weigh, ii. 44, 49; (*wayd*), ii. 45.
Weake, weakness, viii. 30.
Weaved, waved, floated about, iv. 10.
Weed, **Weede**, raiment, clothing, i. 13, *et pass.*

GLOSSARY

- Weene**, think, expect, iii. 19;
(**weening**), ii. 12; iv. 40; imagine, v. 8; believe, v. 41; (**weend** pt.), iv. 33; vi. 8.
- Weet, weete, weeten**, know, iv. 7, 21, *et pass*; "to weet," "to weeten" = to wit, ix. 4; x. i.; "as he could weete" = "as he knew how," iv. 51.
- Weeten**. See **Weet**.
- Weeting**, knowledge, x. 39.
- Weft**, waif, wanderer, iii. 27.
- Weight**, *i.e.* balance or scale (?). Church proposed to read "scale" for "weight."
- Weld**, wield, carry, ix. 11; wield, brandish, xii. 16.
- Wele**, weal, vi. 23; xi. 16.
- Welhed**, wellhead, spring, ix. 26.
- Wellaway**, an exclamation of pain or grief (*lit.* woe! lo! woe!), i. 15; vi. 16, 25.
- Wesand**, windpipe, ii. 14.
- West**, move toward the west. Int. 8.
- Wex**, waxed, grew, i. 17; ii. 13; xi. 13; (**woxe**), ix. 46; xi. 9.
- Whot**, hot, ii. 13, *et pass*.
- Whyleare**, formerly, ii. 3, etc.
- Wide** (sb.), wideness, extent; "ayrie wyde" = the extent of air, viii. 34.
- Wide** (adv.), away to, aside to, vi. 22.
- Widowed**, widowhood, x. 12.
- Wight**, being, creature. Int. 9.
- Winde**, follow, or track, by the wind or scent, ii. 25.
- Withouten**, without, ii. 25.
- Wize**, way, manner, ii. 32.
- Wold**, would, ii. 14.
- Won** (sb.), dwelling, ix. 8.
- Wone, wonne**, dwell, ii. 4; viii. 16; ix. 2; (**wonnes**), viii. 18; (**wond, wonned**, pt.), vi. 35; ix. 4.
- Wonne**, won, iii. 5; x. 30, 37.
- Wonderment**, astonishment. "Fancies wonderment" (*lit.* the amazement of their fancy) = their astonished gaze (?), iii. 26.
- Wont**, used, iv. 44; (**woont**), accustomed, iv. 29.
- Wote**, know, vi. 1, 25; viii. 15.
- Wood**, furious, mad, viii. 35; xi. 45.
- Wracke**, wreck, iv. 19.
- Wrast**, wrest, pull, xii. 21.
- Wreakfull**, avengeful, i. 8.
- Wrecke**, wreak, avenge, iv. 24; (**wroken**, pp.), ii. 47; viii. 44; ix. 24.
- Wrought**, worked or practised upon. Arg. v.
- Wyte**, blame, xi. 57.
- Ybrought**, brought, iii. 23.
- Ydrad**, dreaded, xi. 3; xii. 37.
- Ydreaded**, dreaded, iv. 25.
- Yclouded**, clouded, clouded over, iv. 45.
- Ylike**, alike, viii. 7.
- Ymet**, met, iv. 38.
- Yrent**, rent, broken open, ii. 24.
- Ywrought**, wrought, caused, iii. 23.

TEXTUAL NOTES

N.B.—Only the more important variations of texts are here noticed.

Introduction XI (2) "In th' Almightyes place," is the reading of 1596; 1609 alters "place" to "stead" for the rime, but Spenser no doubt wrote "place," forgetful for the moment of rime. *See* also c. xi. 61, and elsewhere.

CANTO II

Stanza XI (4) "Who as they to the passage," etc. This is the reading of all editions, but it does not make sense. Morris reads "when as"; and Church, which is better, proposed "Tho as" = then as.

„ XLV (8) Church proposed to read "scale" for "weight."

„ XLVI (9) "Downe way," is 1596; 1609 reads "lay."

CANTO III

Stanza XX (2) "Advewed" is the reading of all editions. Various editions would change it to "had viewed." But why should not Spenser have invented this as other words?

CANTO IV

Stanza XXXVI (1) 1596 reads watchmen; 1609, watchman.

„ „ (8) 1596 reads "halfe like a man"; 1609, "arm'd like a man."

„ XXXVII (3) "So few" is the reading of all the early editions. It makes perfectly good sense, but those who object to Spenser's forgetfulness of rime would make alterations. Church would alter "neare" in l. 1 to "new"; Collier proposes to read "to feare" instead of "so few."

CANTO VI

Stanza V (6, 7) Church suggests that the printer has, by mistake, transposed the words here, and that we should read "For dayes but hours; for months that passed were she told but weeks."

NOTES

Stanza XVI (6) For "things compacte," Collier would read "thinge compacte," but the sense is clear if "things" be taken as a genitive.

„ XXXII (7) "Did underminde" is the reading of all early editions; some editors would read "had underminde." See Glossary, *Underminde*.

CANTO VII

Stanza VI (9) "Her wreathed" is in all editions. Church suggests "his wreathed," which would be more consistent.

„ XXXVIII (5) 1596 reads "so bad"; 1609, "so sad."

CANTO VIII

Stanza XL (6) 1609 alters "knowne" to "knownen," for the sake of metre; but Spenser probably intended "knowne" to be pronounced as two syllables.

CANTO IX

Stanza XXXIII (8) 1596 reads "rebellions sound"; 1609, "rebellious sound."

„ XLIV (1) 1596 reads "appose"; 1609 alters to "oppose," a needless change.

CANTO XI

Stanza XL (6) 1596 and 1609 read "She death shall by," 1611 amends the line, "She death shall sure aby."

„ LXI (7) 1596 and all early editions read "nor for meed," which is another of the few instances of Spenser's forgetfulness of rime. Church would read "hyre" for "meed."

„ „ (8) 1596 reads "forward"; 1609 "froward."

CANTO XII

Argument. The first two lines of this describe the events of Canto xi.—not of xii.

Stanza I (9) 1609 reads "enduren" for "endure" of 1596. But Spenser meant "endure" to stand as three syllables.

„ XIX (2) All editions read "shame," and there seems little difficulty in sense; but Collier notes that Drayton amended "shame" to "harme."

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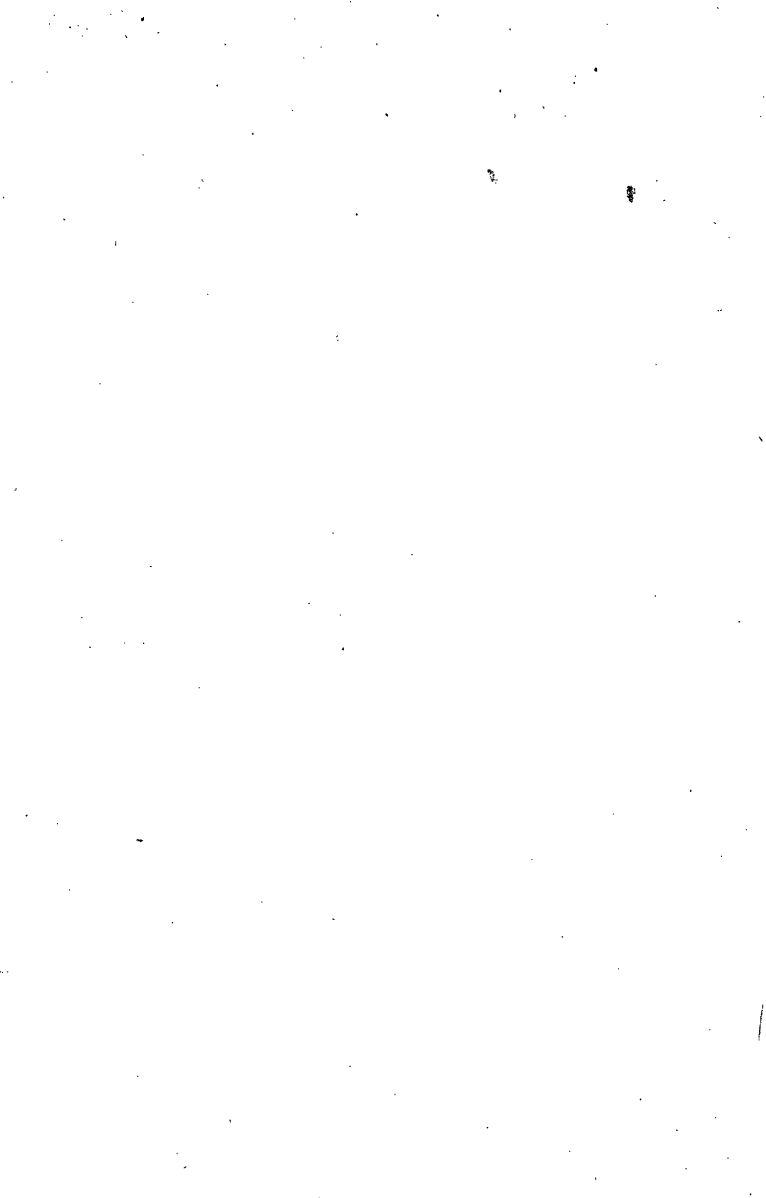
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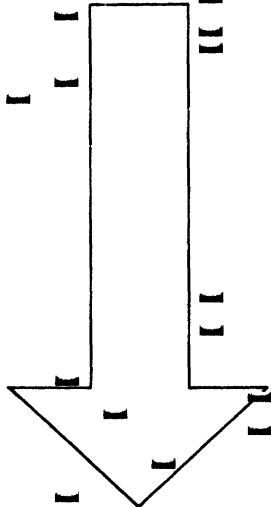
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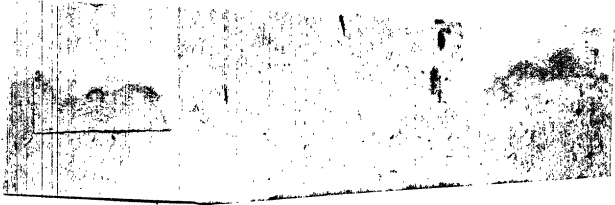
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